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SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

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CHAPTER IV.

VACILLATION.

WHEN the spring-time came, Sir Harry Hotspur, with his wife and daughter, went up to London. During the last season the house in Bruton Street had been empty. He and his wife were then mourning their lost son, and there was no place for the gaiety of London in their lives. Sir Harry was still thinking of his great loss. He was always thinking of the boy who was gone, who had been the apple of his eye, his one great treasure, the only human being in the world whose superior importance to his own he had been ready, in his heart of hearts, to admit; but it was needful that the outer signs of sorrow should be laid aside, and Emily Hotspur was taken up to London, in order that she might be suited with a husband. That, in truth, was the reason of their going. Neither Sir Harry nor Lady Elizabeth would have cared to leave Cumberland had there been no such cause. They would have been altogether content to remain at home had Emily been obedient enough in the winter to accept the hand of the suitor proposed for her.

The house was opened in Bruton Street, and Lord Alfred came to see them. So also did Cousin George. There was no reason why Cousin George should not come. Indeed, had he not done so, he must have been the most ungracious of cousins. He came, and

found Lady Elizabeth and Emily at home. Emily told him that they were always there to receive visitors on Sundays after morning church, and then he came again. She had made no such communication to Lord Alfred, but then perhaps it would have been hardly natural that she should have done so. Lady Elizabeth, in a note which she had occasion to write to Lord Alfred, did tell him of her custom on a Sunday afternoon; but Lord Alfred took no such immediate advantage of the offer as did Cousin George.

As regarded the outward appearance of their life, the Hotspurs were gayer this May than they had been heretofore when living in London. There were dinner-parties, whereas in previous times there had only been dinners at which a few friends might join them;—and there was to be a ball. There was a box at the Opera, and there were horses for the Park, and there was an understanding that the dealings with Madame Milvodi, the milliner, were to be as unlimited as the occasion demanded. It was perceived by every one that Miss Hotspur was to be settled in life. Not a few knew the story of Lord Alfred. Every one knew the facts of the property and Emily's position as heiress, though every one probably did not know that it was still in Sir Harry's power to leave every acre of the property to whom he pleased. Emily understood it all herself. There lay upon her that terrible responsibility

of doing her best with the Hotspur interests. To her the death of her brother had at the time been the blackest of misfortunes, and it was not the less so now as she thought of her own position. She had been steady enough as to the refusal of Lord Alfred, knowing well enough that she cared nothing for him. But there had since come upon her moments almost of regret that she should have been unable to accept him. It would have been so easy a way of escape from all her troubles without the assistance of Madame Milvodi, and the opera-box, and the Park horses! At the time she had her own ideas about another man, but her ideas were not such as to make her think that any further work with Madame Milvodi and the opera-box would be unnecessary.

Then came the question of asking Cousin George to the house. He had already been told to come on Sundays, and on the very next Sunday had been there. He had given no cause of offence at Humblethwaite, and Lady Elizabeth was of opinion that he should be asked to dinner. If he were not asked, the very omission would show that they were afraid of him. Lady Elizabeth did not exactly explain this to her husband,—did not accurately know that such was her fear; but Sir Harry understood her feelings, and yielded. Let Cousin George be asked to dinner.

Sir Harry at this time was vacillating with more of weakness than would have been expected from a man who had generally been so firm in the affairs of his life. He had been quite clear about George Hotspur, when those inquiries of his were first made, and when his mind had first accepted the notion of Lord Alfred as his chosen son-in-law. But now he was again at sea. He was so conscious of the importance of his daughter's case, that he could not bring himself to be at ease, and to allow himself to expect that the girl would, in the ordinary course of nature, dispose of her young heart not to her own injury, as might reasonably be hoped from her temperament, her character, and her education. He could not protect himself from daily and hourly thought about

it. Her marriage was not as the marriage of other girls. The House of Hotspur, which had lived and prospered for so many centuries, was to live and prosper through her; or rather mainly through the man whom she should choose as her husband. The girl was all-important now, but when she should have once disposed of herself her importance would be almost at an end. Sir Harry had in the recess of his mind almost a conviction that, although the thing was of such utmost moment, it would be better for him, better for them all, better for the Hotspurs, that the matter should be allowed to arrange itself than that there should be any special judgment used in selection. He almost believed that his girl should be left to herself, as are other girls. But the thing was of such moment that he could not save himself from having it always before his eyes.

And yet he knew not what to do; nor was there any aid forthcoming from Lady Elizabeth. He had tried his hand at the choice of a proper husband, and his daughter would have none of the man so chosen. So he had brought her up to London, and thrown her as it were upon the market. Let Madame Milvodi and the opera-box and the Park horses do what they could for her. Of course a watch should be kept on her;—not from doubt of her excellence, but because the thing to be disposed of was so all-important, and the girl's mode of disposing of it might, without disgrace or fault on her part, be so vitally prejudicial to the family!

For, let it be remembered, no curled darling of an eldest son would suit the exigencies of the case, unless such eldest son were willing altogether to merge the claims of his own family, and to make himself by name and purpose a Hotspur. Were his child to present to him as his son-in-law some heir to a noble house, some future earl, say even a duke in embryo, all that would be as nothing to Sir Harry. It was not his ambition to see his daughter a duchess. He wanted no name, or place, or dominion for any Hotspur greater or higher or more noble than those which the Hotspurs claimed and could maintain

for themselves. To have Humblethwaite and Scarrowby lost amidst the vast appanages and domains of some titled family whose gorgeous glories were new and paltry in comparison with the mellow honours of his own house, would to him have been a ruin to all his hopes. There might, indeed, be some arrangement as to the second son proceeding from such a marriage,—as to a future chance Hotspur; but the claims of the Hotspurs were, he thought, too high and too holy for such future chance; and in such case, for one generation at least, the Hotspurs would be in abeyance. No: it was not that which he desired. That would not suffice for him. The son-in-law that he desired should be well born, a perfect gentleman, with belongings of whom he and his child might be proud; but he should be one who should be content to rest his claims to material prosperity and personal position on the name and wealth that he would obtain with his wife. Lord Alfred had been the very man; but then his girl would have none of Lord Alfred! Eldest sons there might be in plenty ready to take such a bride; and were some eldest son to come to him and ask for his daughter's hand, some eldest son who would do so almost with a right to claim it if the girl's consent were gained, how could he refuse? And yet to leave a Hotspur behind him living at Humblethwaite, and Hotspurs who should follow that Hotspur, was all in all to him.

Might he venture to think once again of Cousin George? Cousin George was there, coming to the house, and his wife was telling him that it was incumbent on them to ask the young man to dinner. It was incumbent on them, unless they meant to let him know that he was to be regarded absolutely as a stranger,—as one whom they had taken up for a while, and now chose to drop again. A very ugly story had reached Sir Harry's ears about Cousin George. It was said that he had twice borrowed money from the money-lenders on his commission, passing some document for security of its value which was no security, and that he had barely escaped detection, the two Jews know-

ing that the commission would be forfeited altogether if the fraud were brought to light. The commission had been sold, and the proceeds divided between the Jews, with certain remaining claims to them on Cousin George's personal estate. Such had been the story which in a vague way had reached Sir Harry's ears. It is not easily that such a man as Sir Harry can learn the details of a disreputable cousin's life. Among all his old friends he had none more dear to him than Lord Milnthorpe; and among his younger friends none more intimate than Lord Burton, the eldest son of Lord Milnthorpe, Lord Alfred's brother. Lord Burton had told him the story, telling him at the same time that he could not vouch for its truth. "Upon my word, I don't know," said Lord Burton, when interrogated again. "I think if I were you I would regard it as though I had never heard it. Of course, he was in debt."

"That is altogether another thing," said Sir Harry.

"Altogether! I think that probably he did pawn his commission. That is bad, but it isn't so very bad. As for the other charge against him, I doubt it." So said Lord Burton, and Sir Harry determined that the accusation should go for nothing.

But his own child, his only child, the transmitter of all the great things that fortune had given to him; she, in whose hands were to lie the glories of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby; she, who had the giving away of the honour of their ancient family,—could she be trusted to one of whom it must be admitted that all his early life had been disreputable, even if the world's lenient judgment in such matters should fail to stigmatize it as dishonourable? In other respects, however, he was so manifestly the man to whom his daughter ought to be given in marriage! By such arrangement would the title and the property be kept together,—and by no other which Sir Harry could now make, for his word had been given to his daughter that she was to be his heiress. Let him make what arrangements he might, this Cousin George, at his death, would

be the head of the family. Every "Peerage" that was printed would tell the old story to all the world. By certain courtesies of the law of descent his future heirs would be Hotspurs were his daughter married to Lord Alfred or the like; but the children of such a marriage would not be Hotspurs in very truth, nor by any courtesy of law, or even by any kindness of the Minister or Sovereign, could the child of such a union become the baronet, the Sir Harry of the day, the head of the family. The position was one which no Sovereign and no Minister could achieve, or touch, or bestow. It was his, beyond the power of any earthly potentate to deprive him of it, and would have been transmitted by him to a son with as absolute security. But—alas! alas!

Sir Harry gave no indication that he thought it expedient to change his mind on the subject. When Lady Elizabeth proposed that Cousin George should be asked to dinner, he frowned and looked black as he acceded; but, in truth, he vacillated. The allurements on that side were so great that he could not altogether force upon himself the duty of throwing them from him. He knew that Cousin George was no fitting husband for his girl, that he was a man to whom he would not have thought of giving her, had her happiness been his only object. And he did not think of so bestowing her now. He became uneasy when he remembered the danger. He was unhappy as he remembered how amusing, how handsome, how attractive was Cousin George. He feared that Emily might like him!—by no means hoped it. And yet he vacillated, and allowed Cousin George to come to the house, only because Cousin George must become, on his death, the head of the Hotspurs.

Cousin George came on one Sunday, came on another Sunday, dined at the house, and was of course asked to the ball. But Lady Elizabeth had so arranged her little affairs that when Cousin George left Bruton Street on the evening of the dinner-party he and Emily had never been for two minutes alone to-

gether since the family had come up to London. Lady Elizabeth herself liked Cousin George, and, had an edict to that effect been pronounced by her husband, would have left them alone together with great maternal satisfaction. But she had been told that it was not to be so, and therefore the young people had never been allowed to have opportunities. Lady Elizabeth in her very quiet way knew how to do the work of the world that was allotted to her. There had been other balls, and there had been ridings in the Park, and all the chances of life which young men, and sometimes young women also, know so well how to use; but hitherto Cousin George had kept, or had been constrained to keep, his distance.

"I want to know, Mamma," said Emily Hotspur, the day before the ball, "whether Cousin George is a black sheep or a white sheep?"

"What do you mean, my dear, by asking such a question as that?"

"I don't like black sheep. I don't see why young men are to be allowed to be black sheep; but yet you know they are."

"How can it be helped?"

"People should not notice them, Mamma."

"My dear, it is a most difficult question,—quite beyond me, and I am sure beyond you. A sheep needn't be black always because he has not always been quite white; and then you know the black lambs are just as dear to their mother as the white."

"Dearer, I think."

"I quite agree with you, Emily, that in general society black sheep should be avoided."

"Then they shouldn't be allowed to come in," said Emily. Lady Elizabeth knew from this that there was danger, but the danger was not of a kind which enabled her specially to consult Sir Harry.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE HOTSPUR.

A LITTLE must now be told to the reader of Cousin George and the ways of his

life. As Lady Elizabeth had said to her daughter, that question of admitting black sheep into society, or of refusing them admittance, is very difficult. In the first place, whose eyes are good enough to know whether in truth a sheep be black or not? And then is it not the fact that some little amount of shade in the fleece of male sheep is considered, if not absolutely desirable, at any rate quite pardonable? A male sheep with a fleece as white as that of a ewe-lamb,—is he not considered to be, among muttons, somewhat insipid? It was of this taste of which Pope was conscious when he declared that every woman was at heart a rake. And so it comes to pass that very black sheep indeed are admitted into society, till at last anxious fathers and more anxious mothers begin to be aware that their young ones are turned out to graze among ravenous wolves. This, however, must be admitted, that lambs when so treated acquire a courage which tends to enable them to hold their own, even amidst wolfish dangers.

Cousin George, if not a ravenous wolf, was at any rate a very black sheep indeed. In our anxiety to know the truth of him it must not be said that he was absolutely a wolf,—not as yet,—because in his career he had not as yet made premeditated attempts to devour prey. But in the process of delivering himself up to be devoured by others, he had done things which if known of any sheep should prevent that sheep from being received into a decent flock. There had been that little trouble about his commission, in which, although he had not intended to cheat either Jew, he had done that which the world would have called cheating had the world known it. As for getting goods from tradesmen without any hope or thought of paying for them, that with him was so much a thing of custom,—as indeed it was also with them,—that he was almost to be excused for considering it the normal condition of life for a man in his position. To gamble and lose money had come to him quite naturally at a very early age. There had now come upon him an idea that he might turn the

tables, that in all gambling transactions some one must win, and that as he had lost much, so possibly might he now win more. He had not quite yet reached that point in his education at which the gambler learns that the ready way to win much is to win unfairly;—not quite yet, but he was near it. The wolfhood was coming on him, unless some good fortune might save him. There might, however, be such good fortune in store for him. As Lady Elizabeth had said, a sheep that was very dark in colour might become white again. If it be not so, what is all this doctrine of repentance in which we believe?

Blackness in a male sheep in regard to the other sin is venial blackness. Whether the teller of such a tale as this should say so outright, may be matter of dispute; but, unless he say so, the teller of this tale does not know how to tell his tale truly. Blackness such as that will be all condoned, and the sheep received into almost any flock, on condition, not of repentance or humiliation or confession, but simply of change of practice. The change of practice in certain circumstances and at a certain period becomes expedient; and if it be made, as regards tints in the wool of that nature, the sheep becomes as white as he is needed to be. In this respect our sheep had been as black as any sheep, and at this present period of his life had need of much change before he would be fit for any decent social herding.

And then there are the shades of black which come from conviviality,—which we may call table blackness,—as to which there is an opinion constantly disseminated by the moral newspapers of the day, that there has come to be altogether an end of any such blackness among sheep who are gentlemen. To make up for this, indeed, there has been expressed by the piquant newspapers of the day an opinion that ladies are taking up the game which gentlemen no longer care to play. It may be doubted whether either expression has in it much of truth. We do not see ladies drunk, certainly, and we do not see gentlemen tumbling about as they used to do, because their

fashion of drinking is not that of their grandfathers. But the love of wine has not gone out from among men; and men now are as prone as ever to indulge their loves. Our black sheep was very fond of wine,—and also of brandy, though he was wolf enough to hide his taste when occasion required it.

Very early in life he had come from France to live in England, and had been placed in a cavalry regiment, which had, unfortunately for him, been quartered either in London or its vicinity. And, perhaps equally unfortunate for him, he had in his own possession a small fortune of some 500*l.* a year. This had not come to him from his father; and when his father had died in Paris, about two years before the date of our story, he had received no accession of regular income. Some couple of thousand of pounds had reached his hands from his father's effects, which had helped him through some of the immediately pressing difficulties of the day,—for his own income at that time had been altogether dissipated. And now he had received a much larger sum from his cousin, with an assurance, however, that the family property would not become his when he succeeded to the family title. He was so penniless at the time, so prone to live from hand to mouth, so little given to consideration of the future, that it may be doubted whether the sum given to him was not compensation in full for all that was to be withheld from him.

Still there was his chance with the heiress! In regarding this chance, he had very soon determined that he would marry his cousin if it might be within his power to do so. He knew, and fully appreciated, his own advantages. He was a handsome man,—tall for a Hotspur, but with the Hotspur fair hair and blue eyes, and well-cut features. There lacked, however, to him, that peculiar aspect of firmness about the temples which so strongly marked the countenance of Sir Harry and his daughter; and there had come upon him a *blasé* look, and certain outer signs of a bad life, which, however, did not mar his beauty, nor were they always ap-

parent. The eye was not always blood-shot, nor was the hand constantly seen to shake. It may be said of him, both as to his moral and physical position, that he was on the edge of the precipice of degradation, but that there was yet a possibility of salvation.

He was living in a bachelor's set of rooms, at this time, in St. James's Street, for which, it must be presumed, that ready money was required. During the last winter he had horses in Northamptonshire, for the hire of which, it must be feared, that his prospects as heir to Humblethwaite had in some degree been pawned. At the present time he had a horse for Park riding, and he looked upon a good dinner, with good wine, as being due to him every day, as thoroughly as though he earned it. That he had never attempted to earn a shilling since the day on which he had ceased to be a soldier, now four years since, the reader will hardly require to be informed.

In spite of all his faults, this man enjoyed a certain social popularity for which many a rich man would have given a third of his income. Dukes and duchesses were fond of him; and certain persons, standing very high in the world, did not think certain parties were perfect without him. He knew how to talk enough, and yet not to talk too much. No one could say of him that he was witty, well-read, or given to much thinking; but he knew just what was wanted at this point of time or at that, and could give it. He could put himself forward, and could keep himself in the background. He could shoot well without wanting to shoot best. He could fetch and carry, but still do it always with an air of manly independence. He could subserve without an air of cringing. And then he looked like a gentleman.

Of all his well-to-do friends, perhaps he who really liked him best was the Earl of Altringham. George Hotspur was at this time something under thirty years of age, and the Earl was four years his senior. The Earl was a married man, with a family, a wife who also liked poor George, an enormous income, and a place in Scotland at which

George always spent the three first weeks of grouse-shooting. The Earl was a kindly, good-humoured, liberal, but yet hard man of the world. He knew George Hotspur well, and would on no account lend him a shilling. He would not have given his friend money to extricate him from any difficulty. But he forgave the sinner all his sins, opened Castle Corry to him every year, provided him with the best of everything, and let him come and dine at Altringham House, in Carlton Gardens, as often almost as he chose during the London season. The Earl was very good to George, though he knew more about him than perhaps did any other man; but he would not bet with George, nor would he in any way allow George to make money out of him.

"Do you suppose that I want to win money of you?" he once said to our friend, in answer to a little proposition that was made to him at Newmarket. "I don't suppose you do," George had answered. "Then you may be sure that I don't want to lose any," the Earl had replied. And so the matter was ended, and George made no more propositions of the kind.

The two men were together at Tattersall's, looking at some horses which the Earl had sent up to be sold the day after the dinner in Bruton Street. "Sir Harry seems to be taking to you very kindly," said the Earl.

"Well,—yes; in a half-and-half sort of way."

"It isn't everybody that would give you 5,000*l.*, you know."

"I am not everybody's heir," said George.

"No; and you ain't his,—worse luck."

"I am,—in regard to the title."

"What good will that do you?"

"When he's gone, I shall be the head of the family. As far as I can understand these matters, he hasn't a right to leave the estates away from me."

"Power is right, my boy. Legal power is undoubtedly right."

"He should at any rate divide them. There are two distinct properties, and

either of them would make me a rich man. I don't feel so very much obliged to him for his money,—though of course it was convenient."

"Very convenient, I should say, George. How do you get on with your cousin?"

"They watch me like a cat watches a mouse."

"Say a rat, rather, George. Don't you know they are right? Would not I do the same if she were my girl, knowing you as I do?"

"She might do worse, my Lord."

"I'll tell you what it is. He thinks that he might do worse. I don't doubt about that. All this matter of the family and the title, and the name, would make him ready to fling her to you,—if only you were a shade less dark a horse than you are."

"I don't know that I'm darker than others."

"Look here, old fellow; I don't often trouble you with advice, but I will now. If you'll set yourself steadily to work to live decently, if you'll tell Sir Harry the whole truth about your money matters, and really get into harness, I believe you may have her. Such a one as you never had such a chance before. But there's one thing you must do."

"What is the one thing?"

"Wash your hands altogether of Mrs. Morton. You'll have a difficulty, I know, and perhaps it will want more pluck than you've got. You haven't got pluck of that kind."

"You mean that I don't like to break a woman's heart?"

"Fiddlestick! Do you see that mare, there?"

"I was just looking at her. Why should you part with her?"

"She was the best animal in my stables, but she's given to eating the stable-boys; old Badger told me flat, that he wouldn't have her in the stables any longer. I pity the fellow who will buy her,—or rather his fellow. She killed a lad once in Brookborough's stables."

"Why don't you shoot her?"

"I can't afford to shoot horses, Captain Hotspur. I had my chance in

buying her, and somebody else must have his chance now. That's the lot of them ; one or two good ones, and the rest what I call rags. Do you think of what I've said ; and be sure of this : Mrs. Morton and your cousin can't go on together. Ta, Ta!—I'm going across to my mother's."

George Hotspur, when he was left alone, did think a great deal about it. He was not a man prone to assure himself of a lady's favour without cause ; and yet he did think that his cousin liked him. As to that terrible difficulty to which Lord Altringham had alluded, he knew that something must be done ; but there were cruel embarrassments on that side of which even Altringham knew nothing. And then why should he do that which his friend had indicated to him, before he knew whether it would be necessary ? As to taking Sir Harry altogether into his confidence about his money matters, that was clearly impossible. Heaven and earth ! How could the one man speak such truths, or the other man listen to them ? When money difficulties come of such nature as those which weighted the shoulders of poor George Hotspur, it is quite impossible that there should be any such confidence with any one. The sufferer cannot even make a confidant of himself, cannot even bring himself to look at his own troubles massed together. It was not the amount of his debts, but the nature of them, and the characters of the men with whom he had dealings, that were so terrible. Fifteen thousand pounds—less than one year's income from Sir Harry's property—would clear him of everything, as far as he could judge ; but there could be no such clearing, otherwise than by money disbursed by himself, without a disclosure of dirt which he certainly would not dare to make to Sir Harry before his marriage.

But yet the prize to be won was so great, and there were so many reasons for thinking that it might possibly be within his grasp ! If, after all, he might live to be Sir George Hotspur of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby ! After thinking of it as well as he could, he

determined that he would make the attempt ; but as to those preliminaries to which Lord Altringham had referred, he would for the present leave them to chance.

Lord Altringham had been quite right when he told George Hotspur that he was deficient in a certain kind of pluck.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BALL IN BRUTON STREET.

SIR HARRY vacillated, Lady Elizabeth doubted, and Cousin George was allowed to come to the ball. At this time, in the common understanding of such phrase, Emily Hotspur was heart-whole in regard to her cousin. Had she been made to know that he had gone away for ever,—been banished to some antipodes from which he never could return,—there would have been no lasting sorrow on her part, though there might have been some feeling which would have given her an ache for the moment. She had thought about him, as girls will think of men as to whom they own to themselves that it is possible that they may be in love with them some day ;—and she liked him much. She also liked Lord Alfred, but the liking had been altogether of a different kind. In regard to Lord Alfred she had been quite sure, from the first days of her intercourse with him, that she could never be in love with him. He was to her no more than old Mr. Crutchley or young Mr. Latheby,—a man, and a good sort of man, but no more than a man. To worship Lord Alfred must be impossible to her. She had already conceived that it would be quite possible for her to worship her Cousin George in the teeth of all the hard things that she had heard of him. The reader may be sure that such a thought had passed through her mind when she asked her mother whether Cousin George was to be accepted as a black sheep or a white one ?

The ball was a very grand affair, and Emily Hotspur was a very great lady. It had come to be understood that the successful suitor for her hand would be

the future lord of Humblethwaite, and the power with which she was thus vested gave her a prestige and standing which can hardly be attained by mere wit and beauty, even when most perfectly combined. It was not that all who worshipped, either at a distance or with passing homage, knew the fact of the heiress-ship, or had ever heard of the 20,000*l.* a year; but, given the status, and the worshippers will come. The word had gone forth in some mysterious way, and it was acknowledged that Emily Hotspur was a great young lady. Other young ladies, who were not great, allowed themselves to be postponed to her almost without jealousy, and young gentlemen without pretensions regarded her as one to whom they did not dare to ask to be introduced. Emily saw it all, and partly liked it, and partly despised it. But, even when despising it, she took advantage of it. The young gentlemen without pretensions were no more to her than the chairs and tables; and the young ladies who submitted to her and adored her,—were allowed to be submissive, and to adore. But of this she was quite sure,—that her Cousin George must some day be the head of her own family. He was a man whom she was bound to treat with attentive regard, if they who had the custody of her chose to place her in his company at all.

At this ball there were some very distinguished people indeed,—persons whom it would hardly be improper to call illustrious. There were two royal duchesses, one of whom was English, and no less than three princes. The Russian and French ambassadors were both there. There was the editor of the most influential newspaper of the day,—for a few minutes only; and the Prime Minister passed through the room in the course of the evening. Dukes and duchesses below the royal degree were common; and as for earls and countesses, and their daughters, they formed the ruck of the crowd. The Poet-laureate didn't come, indeed, but was expected; and three Chinese mandarins of the first quality entered the room at eleven, and did not leave till one. Poor Lady Elizabeth suffered a great deal

with those mandarins. From all this it will be seen that the ball was quite a success.

George Hotspur dined that day with Lord and Lady Altringham, and went with them to the ball in the evening. Lord Altringham, though his manner was airy and almost indifferent, was in truth most anxious that his friend should be put upon his feet by the marriage; and the Countess was so keen about it, that there was nothing in the way of innocent intrigue which she would not have done to accomplish it. She knew that George Hotspur was a rake, was a gambler, was in debt, was hampered by other difficulties, and all the rest of it; but she liked the man, and was therefore willing to believe that a rich marriage would put it all right. Emily Hotspur was nothing to her, nor was Sir Harry; but George had often made her own house pleasant to her, and therefore, to her thinking, deserved a wife with 20,000*l.* a year. And then, if there might have been scruples under other circumstances, that fact of the baronetcy overcame them. It could not be wrong in one placed as was Lady Altringham to assist in preventing any separation of the title and the property. Of course George might probably squander all that he could squander; but that might be made right by settlements and entails. Lady Altringham was much more energetic than her husband, and had made out quite a plan of the manner in which George should proceed. She discussed the matter with him at great length. The one difficulty she was, indeed, obliged to slur over; but even that was not altogether omitted in her scheme. "Whatever incumbrances there may be, free yourself from them at once," she had advised.

"That is so very easy to say, Lady Altringham, but so difficult to do."

"As to debts, of course they can't be paid without money. Sir Harry will find it worth his while to settle any debts. But if there is anything else, stop it at once." Of course there was something else, and of course Lady Altringham knew what that something

else was. She demanded, in accordance with her scheme, that George should lose no time. This was in May. It was known that Sir Harry intended to leave town early in June. "Of course you will take him at his word, and go to Humblethwaite when you leave us," she had said.

"No time has been named."

"Then you can name your own without difficulty. You will write from Castle Corry, and say you are coming. That is, if it's not all settled by that time. Of course, it cannot be done in a minute, because Sir Harry must consent; but I should begin at once,—only, Captain Hotspur, leave nothing for them to find out afterwards. What is past they will forgive." Such had been Lady Altringham's advice, and no doubt she understood the matter which she had been discussing.

When George Hotspur entered the room, his cousin was dancing with a prince. He could see her as he stood speaking a few words to Lady Elizabeth. And in talking to Lady Elizabeth he did not talk as a stranger would, or a common guest. He had quite understood all that he might gain by assuming the intimacy of cousinhood, and he had assumed it. Lady Elizabeth was less weary than before when he stood by her, and accepted from his hand some little trifle of help, which was agreeable to her. And he showed himself in no hurry, and told her some little story that pleased her. What a pity it was that Cousin George should be a scamp, she thought, as he went on to greet Sir Harry.

And with Sir Harry he remained a minute or two. On such an occasion as this Sir Harry was all smiles, and quite willing to hear a little town gossip. "Come with the Altringhams, have you? I'm told Altringham has just sold all his horses. What's the meaning of that?"

"The old story, Sir Harry. He has weeded his stable, and got the buyers to think that they were getting the cream. There isn't a man in England knows better what he's about better than Altringham."

Sir Harry smiled his sweetest, and answered with some good-humoured remark, but he said in his heart that "birds of a feather flock together," and that his cousin was—not a man of honour.

There are some things that no rogue can do. He can understand what it is to condemn rogues, to avoid it, to dislike it, to disbelieve in it;—but he cannot understand what it is to hate it. Cousin George had probably exaggerated the transaction of which he had spoken, but he had little thought that in doing so he had helped to imbue Sir Harry with a true idea of his own character.

George passed on, and saw his cousin, who was now standing up with a foreign ambassador. He just spoke to her as he passed her, calling her by her Christian name as he did so. She gave him her hand ever so graciously; and he, when he had gone on, returned and asked her to name a dance.

"But I don't think I've one left that I mean to dance," she said.

"Then give me one that you don't mean to dance," he answered. And of course she gave it to him.

It was an hour afterwards that he came to claim her promise, and she put her arm through his and stood up with him. There was no talk then of her not dancing, and she went whirling round the room with him in great bliss. Cousin George waltzed well. All such men do. It is a part of their stock-in-trade. On this evening Emily Hotspur thought that he waltzed better than any one else, and told him so. "Another turn? Of course I will with you, because you know what you're about."

"I'd blush if I'd time," said he.

"A great many gentlemen ought to blush, I know. That prince, whose name I always forget, and you, are the only men in the room who dance well, according to my ideas."

Then off they went again, and Emily was very happy. He could at least dance well, and there could be no reason why she should not enjoy his dancing well since he had been considered to be white enough to be asked to the ball.

But with George there was present at every turn and twist of the dance an idea that he was there for other work than that. He was tracking a head of game after which there would be many hunters. He had his advantages, and so would they have theirs. One of his was this,—that he had her there with him now, and he must use it. She would not fall into his mouth merely by being whirled round the room pleasantly. At last she was still, and consented to take a walk with him out of the room, somewhere out amidst the crowd, on the staircase if possible, so as to get a breath of fresh air. Of course he soon had her jammed into a corner out of which there was no immediate mode of escape.

"We shall never get away again," she said, laughing. Had she wanted to get away, her tone and manner would have been very different.

"I wonder whether you feel yourself to be the same sort of person here that you are at Humblethwaite," he said.

"Exactly the same."

"To me you seem to be so different."

"In what way?"

"I don't think you are half so nice."

"How very unkind!"

Of course she was flattered. Of all flattery, praise is the coarsest and least efficacious. When you would flatter a man, talk to him about himself, and criticise him, pulling him to pieces by comparison of some small present fault with his past conduct;—and the rule holds the same with a woman. To tell her that she looks well is feeble work; but complain to her wofully that there is something wanting at the present moment, something lacking from the usual high standard, some temporary loss of beauty, and your solicitude will prevail with her.

"And in what am I not nice? I am sure I'm trying to be as nice as I know how."

"Down at Humblethwaite you are simply yourself,—Emily Hotspur."

"And what am I here?"

"That formidable thing,—a success. Don't you feel yourself that you are lifted a little off your legs?"

"Not a bit;—not an inch. Why should I?"

"I fail to make you understand quite what I mean. Don't you feel that with all these princes and potentates you are forced to be something else than your natural self? Don't you know that you have to put on a special manner, and to talk in a special way? Does not the champagne fly to your head, more or less?"

"Of course the princes and potentates are not the same as old Mrs. Crutchley, if you mean that."

"I am not blaming you, you know, only I cannot help being very anxious; and I found you so perfect at Humblethwaite that I cannot say that I like any change. You know I am to come to Humblethwaite again!"

"Of course you are."

"You go down next month, I believe?"

"Papa talks of going to Scarrowby for a few weeks. He always does every year, and it is so dull. Did you ever see Scarrowby?"

"Never."

"You ought to come there some day. You know one branch of the Hotspurs did live there for ever so long."

"Is it a good house?"

"Very bad indeed; but there are enormous woods, and the country is very wild, and everything is at sixes and sevens. However, of course you would not come, because it is in the middle of your London season. There would be ever so many things to keep you. You are a man who, I suppose, never was out of London in June in your life, unless some race meeting was going on."

"Do you really take me for such as that, Emily?"

"Yes, I do. That is what they tell me you are. Is it not true? Don't you go to races?"

"I should be quite willing to undertake never to put my foot on a racecourse again this minute. I will do so now if you will only ask it of me."

She paused a moment, half thinking that she would ask it, but at last she determined against it.

"No," she said; "if you think it proper to stay away, you can do so without my asking it. I have no right

to make such a request. If you think races are bad, why don't you stay away of your own accord?"

"They are bad," he said.

"Then why do you go to them?"

"They are bad, and I do go to them. They are very bad, and I go to them very often. But I will stay away and never put my foot on another racecourse if you, my cousin, will ask me."

"That is nonsense."

"Try me. It shall not be nonsense. If you care enough about me to wish to save me from what is evil, you can do it. I care enough about you to give up the pursuit at your bidding."

As he said this he looked down into her eyes, and she knew that the full weight of his gaze was upon her. She knew that his words and his look together were intended to impress her with some feeling of his love for her. She knew at the moment, too, that they gratified her. And she remembered also in the same moment that her Cousin George was a black sheep.

"If you cannot refrain from what is bad without my asking you," she said, "your refraining will do no good."

He was making her some answer, when she insisted on being taken away. "I must get into the dancing-room; I must indeed, George. I have already thrown over some poor wretch. No, not yet, I see, however. I was not engaged for the quadrille; but I must go and look after the people."

He led her back through the crowd; and as he did so he perceived that Sir Harry's eyes were fixed upon him. He did not much care for that. If he could carry his Cousin Emily, he thought that he might carry the Baronet also.

He could not get any special word with her again that night. He asked her for another dance, but she would not grant it to him. "You forget the princes and potentates to whom I have to attend," she said to him, quoting his own words.

He did not blame her, even to himself, judging by the importance which he attached to every word of private conversation which he could have with her, that she found it to be equally

important. It was something gained that she should know that he was thinking of her. He could not be to her now like any cousin, or any other man, with whom she might dance three or four times without meaning anything. As he was aware of it, so must she be; and he was glad that she should feel that it was so.

"Emily tells me that you are going to Scarrowby next month," he said afterwards to Sir Harry.

Sir Harry frowned and answered him very shortly, "Yes, we shall go there in June."

"Is it a large place?"

"Large? How do you mean? It is a good property."

"But the house?"

"The house is quite large enough for us," said Sir Harry; "but we do not have company there."

This was said in a very cold tone, and there was nothing more to be added. George, to do him justice, had not been fishing for an invitation to Scarrowby. He had simply been making conversation with the Baronet. It would not have suited him to go to Scarrowby, because by doing so he would have lost the power of renewing his visit to Humblethwaite. But Sir Harry in this interview had been so very ungracious,—and, as George knew very well, because of the scene in the corner,—that there might be a doubt whether he would ever get to Humblethwaite at all. If he failed, however, it should not be for the want of audacity on his own part.

But, in truth, Sir Harry's blackness was still the result of vacillation. Though he would fain redeem this prodigal, if it were possible, and give him everything that was to be given; yet, when he saw the prodigal attempting to help himself to the good things, his wrath was aroused. George Hotspur, as he betook himself from Bruton Street to such other amusements as were at his command, meditated much over his position. He thought he could give up the racecourses; but he was sure that he could at any rate say that he would give them up.

A FORGOTTEN ENGLISH POETESS.

EDITED BY MRS. BROTHERTON.

TWENTY years ago the present writer received from a friend travelling in Bohemia a letter from which the following is an extract:—

"I must tell you of my Prague discovery of the English poetess Elizabetha Joanna Westonia, who died at thirty, in 1612, and was buried in the cloister of the Convent of St. Thomas.

"Perhaps I may send you some fragments of her history, which I excavated through the kind exertions of a Czech bookseller. Fierce Queen Bess, with her horrid persecutions of the Papists, drove this gentle creature and her parents out of England, and they settled in Bohemia. Here Joanna grew a miracle of learning, and corresponded, like Lady Jane Grey, with all the learned men of her time. Julius Scaliger called her the tenth Muse; and Paul Melissus, a French poet, sent her a laurel crown. At one time in her life, just after her father's death, she seems to have suffered greatly from penurious circumstances. At length the Austrian agent at Prague espied this violet, and had the fortune to wear her in his bosom. Joanna bore this Commissioner from Vienna seven children, and then died—of what I cannot find out."

So far my friend and correspondent of twenty years ago, and no farther. Much farther he travelled, and much more he wrote, but never a word more of the young English poetess, lying silent these two hundred and fifty years in ancient Prague, in the cloister of the Convent of St. Thomas.

And that friend of mine is himself also quite silent for ever:

"A spirit, not a breathing voice."

But at last, looming through the dusk of time, I have dimly descried our

Joanna again, and heard her ever so far away softly turning her Latin verses. For now a friend and correspondent of a younger generation has been hard at work to give me a pleasure, and sends me from Berlin a little roll of manuscript, filled with all of Joanna Westonia that can go into a brief summary of her life and works.

E. C. R., my dear little kinswoman, and correspondent of the present, is a young girl who touches and turns over with reverent fingers these dried spiced blossoms of a long-ago life, which just flowered, and died in its summer-time.

She has built up, with such materials as were within her reach, a little memoir, in her own English words. Carefully she builds, with all that innocent pretentiousness and pride of construction observable in the style of young literary architects, and which seem to me somehow touching and pretty.

"This accomplished and lovely person," begins my little lady, "has too long been forgotten in her native country. Though an Englishwoman by birth, and therefore" (insists patriotic E. C. R.) "especially deserving our esteem and reverence, she is hardly remembered except in Germany—Bohemia more particularly, which was the land of her adoption."

E. C. R. modestly hopes that her little sketch, the materials for which have been obtained through the kindness of her German friends, may help to rescue this gifted creature from oblivion in her own country. The literary authorities of her own day are at a loss for words in eulogizing her talents and virtues. They speak with one accord of her heroic fortitude and more than masculine courage in adversity. They praise her lovely modesty and reserve, and her religious devotion;

they ascribe to her, in short, all goodness and grace that a woman can possess. When they mention her, it is "with a sort of rapture." Joseph Scaliger calls her "a wonder of virtue;" George Martyn of Baldhoven, "the wonder of her time." Peter Lotichius, and Balthazar Caminaeus, "the tenth Muse," "a poetess such as Ovid described in his *Elegiacs*." Paulus Melissus, the "renowned French knight and poet," speaks of her as "the pupil of the Muses." Nicolaus Majus, and Johann Leo, as "the fourth Grace". . . Johann Leo was her husband, and we feel glad of this tribute to her personal charms from him; and we take it as a kind of voucher that our Joanna was lovable and winsome, as well as a very superior young lady.

Now let us look on her in her habit as she lived,—just a few pictures that pass in procession across the magic mirror over which my E. C. R. presides, her tiny wand a pen. It is a pity that, with all her gentle sprightling, the pictures are so few, so faint.

Elizabeth Joan Weston was born in London, on the 2nd November, 1582. She came of gentle blood—noble, the German records say, but that is probably a continental misconception—and her father might have held a high position at Court, we are told, but for his persistent adherence to the Romish faith. This circumstance, in the days of bran-new Protestantism, and of elderly Queen Bess, was as effectual a bar to political advancement as it continued to be up to the year of grace 1829. The Queen appears to have carried her disfavour to downright enmity in the case of Joanna's father, for we are told that "the unfortunate gentleman was compelled to leave his country in consequence of the religious persecutions to which he was subjected by Queen Elizabeth."

Having quitted England for ever, with his wife and two children—a son and daughter—Weston first visited France and Italy. In a short time they appear to have finished their wanderings in Bohemia, Weston purchasing a house and estate at Briex.

In settling there he availed himself

of the friendship and protection of Peter Bok von Rosenstein, one of the most powerful of the Bohemian nobles.

We next hear of the careful education of Joanna and her brother; and E. C. R. (taking the opportunity to compliment her German friends) tells us that "the genius of the former rapidly developed in the land of learning and poetry."

During the short residence of the family in Italy Joanna has acquired, besides Italian, some knowledge of the Welch, or ancient French (Breton), dialect. Now she wishes to perfect herself in German and Bohemian, and soon comes to speak the latter like a native—a facility not unusual in early youth, when the language to be attained is the one spoken on all sides. She also takes lessons in Latin from a certain scholar, Johann Hammon by name. So quickly does she master it that we find her "in an incredibly short time able to read and enjoy the Latin poets." Along with Latin we are given to understand she "acquired the art of poetry, and became not much later an accomplished poetess herself." One authority tells us that she was well versed in Greek also.

This happy and peaceful period of her education, during which she enjoys "all the pleasures of her age," is abruptly terminated by the death of her father. A dark cloud now overgrooms the magic mirror, and we find the widow, and our Joanna at fifteen, struggling through a night of disaster and misery. Utter poverty and friendlessness overwhelm them, and embitter their sorrow. "How often" (cries E. C. R. sympathisingly) "must poor Joanna have looked back with tears to her well-fostered childhood in that happy 'home!'"

The father left heavy debts, and to clear off these the widow has to sell the house and estate at Briex. But the produce of the sale not satisfying the creditors, she and her daughter come to Prague in great distress, anxious to gain the protection of the Emperor Rudolph. Their purpose is vaguely ex-

pressed; but whatever they hope to obtain by such an appeal, they hope in vain. This Emperor is notoriously inaccessible, except through Court influence, and their first and only powerful friend, Peter Bok, has lost all the interest that he once possessed in high places, by his adoption of the Lutheran faith.

The two poor souls have nothing to do but to wait patiently for some favourable opportunity to reach the Emperor; undergoing meanwhile the sharpest privations, "often in need of necessities; even suffering from hunger."

At length relief comes in the respectable form of the learned Prebendary Barthold Pontain von Brietenburg; who, although it is not recorded, has probably known them at least by name in happier times, at Briex, which, we are told, is his native place. He helps them generously, not only with money, but by making useful and powerful friends for them. Among these are Philippe de Monte, Chapel-master to the Court, and Nicolaus Majus, Judge of the Court of Appeal and President of the Board of Trade in Joachimsthal; doubtless that very Nicolaus Majus who afterwards agrees with Johann Leo in calling our Joanna "the fourth Grace." Then other "cherished" and cherishing friends of the widow and her daughter are named, Johann Bavovitus, the Emperor's private secretary, and Heinrich von Piseize, Vice-Chancellor of Bohemia. All these grave and reverend seigniors treat the young Joanna "with fatherly kindness;" they are men of culture and ability who can discern and appreciate her gifts. They warmly befriend her with all their influence: they read her poetry with "admiration and astonishment." It has been written probably in the hope of improving by her literary efforts her mother's position and her own; perhaps also to soothe the pangs of bodily privation and heart-sickness.

They become aware of the courage and fortitude, beyond her years, of this scholarly young lady, cast at so tender an age among the rudest and roughest experiences of life. One can imagine

the glistening eyes, the pitiful grave wonder, with which these fatherly men regard the brave, half-starved child. We shake hands tearfully with good Heinrich von Piseize when he takes gallant little Joanna and her mother "home to his own house." He "supported them there for a long time in the most generous manner." His "great desire was to lay the history of this "wronged and suffering pair before the "Emperor." The exact nature of their wrongs is not explained, but it is probable that some dishonest persons have made unjust and excessive claims on the father's estate, occasioning ruinous litigation. For we hear of Heinrich von Piseize placing the affair of their lawsuit in the hands of the Chancellor Zedenke von Ladowitz, through whom it is brought before the Emperor. Now this inaccessible Emperor himself is "roused to take a warm interest" in the ladies. He "commanded Adam von "Steinberg, Lord Chief Justice, to examine the affair, and see that their "rights and interests were protected in "Bohemia."

Notwithstanding the efforts of all the world, however, this *pieuvre* of a lawsuit holds on to the poor things, with that diabolical tenacity of which lawsuits are capable, and in the year 1603 it had not yet been got rid of. Then we shall have a final glimpse of it.

Meanwhile, our Joanna and her mother live on the bounty of their generous friend Heinrich von Piseize. Just at this time come the afflicting tidings of the death of John Weston, the widow's son, at Ingolstadt. We have heard very little of him, and nothing of how he came to live, or to die, at Ingolstadt. But, now that he is dead, we are told that he was "a youth of much promise and great natural gifts," and that his mother and sister, all through the bitter winter of their discontent, have been fondly hoping for a time when young Johann should be their helper and comforter. His death is represented as the climax of their disappointments and sorrows.

However, Joanna is now beginning to

be known, and even celebrated, through her writings. She "composed the most beautiful Elegiacs in the purest Latin," and "Essays on connected and unconnected subjects," &c. &c. She excites the admiration and amazement, not only of the literary worthies of Bohemia, among whom she already takes her place, but also of the scholars and sages of distant lands. Her fame extends all over Germany, and our British conscience is a little easier when we learn that "England and the Netherlands" at this time help to pay the general tribute of "admiration and amazement," due to English-born Joanna. In the year 1601, Paulus Melissus, "renowned French knight and poet," sends her, "as the custom was," a laurel-wreath; and the Palatine Council decree that the gifted girl shall be crowned therewith. E. C. R. innocently thinks "this must have been, at all events, a great comfort to Joanna."

We will trust that she found a greater in that fairer crown of womanhood, her bridal wreath, which in 1603 she accepts from "Johann Leo, Professor of law, and Agent of the Imperial Court at Vienna." Our Miracle of Virtue, Tenth Muse, and Fourth Grace—perhaps chiefly in that last character—charms the lawyer and brings him to her feet. She "did not refuse to become his wife."

Let us credit our poetess of twenty with at least one pennyworth of romance to that enormous quantity of Latin, and believe that she sees something more in this "good and talented man" than the lawyer who may possibly give her mother and herself a helping hand "in the settlement of their lawsuit."

We do not know if her Leo helps, but we now soon hear the last of that suit. The King of England himself takes Joanna under his protection, and by dint of his intercession with the Emperor—whose interest in the matter seems to have cooled of late—the settlement of the lawsuit, "*that first wish of her heart*," (!) is accomplished.

In one of her poems Joanna rejoices at the thought that henceforth she will have no more need to petition the Em-

peror, or rely on the great ones of the earth for favour and mediation.

Verte stylum, mea musa.

Carmine lugubri non fata sinistra dolebis;
Ad proceres nec jam ducet arundo preces;
Non supplex mea vota feres ad Cæsaris aulam,
Nec mihi difficilem sollicitabis open.

Change thy note, my Muse.

No more bewail in song thine adverse Fates;
No more in prayer to princes tune thy reed;

No more, a suppliant at great Cæsar's gates,
Reluctant aid implore in bitter need.

E. C. R. has hardly anything to tell us of Joanna's married life. I, for my part, cannot help wishing we had some pleasant details about it; some little tender particulars that would sweeten our thought of it. But we have to fancy them all for ourselves: Joanna begins to fade from the magic mirror almost on her wedding-day. We are told something of the five editions of her poems and essays; but of her seven children nothing, except that she bore them. Just a warm gleam, flushing the enchanted disc; a glimpse, half-revealed, of a marriage-home of "peace and rest," compensating for her troublous maidenhood; or of "a tender mother" amidst her troop of little ones—and presently the mirror darkens, the pictures are done: Joanna dies "at thirty, and is buried in the cloister of the Convent of St. Thomas."

A scholarly friend has given his helping hand to our little essay, Englishing a few of Joanna's verses, and contributing the graceful and affectionate commentary which follows:—

Notwithstanding considerable metrical irregularities, from which some of the more celebrated of her predecessors were not altogether exempt, the Latin verses of this accomplished lady are delightful. Simple and melodious, they flow as naturally as her tears, poor child! or as the pious ejaculations of her loving Christian heart. She sings, as it were, to classical tunes moved by her own tender and often sorrowful feelings; and charms me by the grace of her diction as well as by the purity and justness of

her thoughts. The specimens which I have seen are remarkable for their ease and perspicuity. Indeed, in these respects, she appears to me to surpass many of the famous writers of the Middle Ages.

She evidently had drunk deeply at the pure fountains of antiquity, and had not studied Virgil and Ovid in vain. Yet I cannot help fancying that she may possibly have been affected by other and very different influences.

In those days, as it has been often remarked, there were comparatively but few novels, and fewer still of those exciting novelties which flood the catalogues of our booksellers, and bewilder the minds and feelings of the reading public. One notable means of literary amusement during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries seems to have been found in the various books of *Emblems*, which were so plentifully distributed throughout Europe.

The printing-presses of Antwerp, Paris, Lyons, Zurich, Augsburg, and other places, sent forth year after year continually new works of this kind, or new editions of the more popular old ones, and Prague itself had already followed their example. The authors of these books were among the most eminent of the professional men. Alciati of Milan, the restorer of Roman jurisprudence; Paolo Giovio, Bishop of Nocera; Sambucus and Adrian Junius, celebrated physicians both—along with a host of others famous in their generation—are among the names best known; and many other great doctors of law, physic, and divinity, contributed from their stores of learning, and exercised their ingenuity upon these small-sized but great-hearted productions. Here they compressed into the space of a few Latin or vernacular lines a boundless wealth of "old saws and modern instances," and, compared to some of their collections, we may almost say that the golden verses of Hierocles were but as a handful of nuggets to the mine itself. All learned treasure-houses were ransacked, and their annals, biographies, works of science and natural history,

made to furnish examples and illustrations.

These moral and religious epigrams formed as it were the soul of the Emblem, the body of which consisted in the quaint little engraving which illustrated the letterpress. Many of these engravings were from the pencils of great masters, and I have a little book before my eyes, no larger than a man's hand, where, for thought, and composition, and grandeur of treatment, the designs are not unworthy of Titian or Albrecht Dürer. In spite of all these attractions, I am painfully conscious that the pleasure derivable from such books as these is voted by our contemporaries to be of the mildest possible description. Indeed, the entire subject of emblems seems to have been passed over with disdain, if it were not altogether unknown to them, by the historians of mediæval literature. This seems to me a grievous oversight.

Nothing but reverence for departed genius and excellence restrains my murmurs, as I think upon the opportunity which Hallam has neglected for enlightening and entertaining his generation on this subject.

He entirely ignores the whole of the Emblematis, only, as I believe, making a single cursory and contemptuous allusion to the works of Saavedra the Spaniard. But it was altogether different with the reading world of the seventeenth century, and I have no doubt whatever but Joanna was intimately acquainted with, and took delight in, this fashionable branch of literature. Julius Cæsar Scaliger, the illustrious father of her illustrious admirer Joseph, expressed his admiration of the Emblems of Alciati in unqualified terms; he pronounced them to be sweet and pure, incomparable in their way, and such as to confer a positive benefit on society. Well might the old soldier-scholar say this, and much more of the Coryphæus of the Emblematic choir, Andreas Alciati, whose correspondence Erasmus valued so highly, in whose footsteps Theodore Beza thought it not unworthy of a theologian to follow, and whose work at this

time rivalled that of Thomas à Kempis of old in the number and variety of its editions.

Among the followers of Alciati was one who, by the nature of the case, our Poetess would regard with especial interest. Nor will I believe that any difference of opinion, religious or political, would interfere with Joanna's delight as she turned over the pages of the "Cent Emblèmes Chrétiens de Demoiselle Georgette de Montenay." I can see her moreover not unfrequently studying the portrait of this lady, who appears to have been a Maid of Honour in the Court of Jeanne d'Albret, to whom her work is dedicated. She is represented sitting with a certain courtly stiffness, her pen held up in the act of composition, with her papers, and lute, and music-book before her; underneath is written:—

D'Affecton, zèle, et intelligence,
D'Esprit, de cœur, de parole, et de voix,
Tout d'un accord instrumens, liures,
Je chanteray de mon Dieu l'excelence.

As I think upon this, I cannot but imagine that had she lived we should have enjoyed a delightful Book of Emblems from the sweet, pious, musical heart of our Elizabeth Joanna Weston. As for her own portrait, can any one tell us whether this is still in existence? No doubt it "was fair to see." It inspired her friend, Martin von Baldhoven, to write a Latin epigram, which was inscribed beneath it, and which I have vainly endeavoured to reproduce in English.

LATIN INSCRIPTION BY M. VON BALDHOVEN,
UNDER THE PORTRAIT OF E. J. W.

Westonia, ad vivum si non expressa favebis,
Qui melius, posset pingere nemo fuit.
Suada, Venus, Charitas, lingua testantur in
una,
Qui posset linguam pingere nemo fuit!
Pectora alit pietas, virtus, muse incola
Phœbus;
Pectora qui posset pingere nemo fuit:
Omnia plena Deo! nihil luc mortale! figuram
Quæ talem caperet nulla tabella fuit.

If to the life sweet Weston be not here,
Forgive:—no painter might the task
achieve.

The speech—grace, love, persuasion ever
near—

Who of the speech the portrait might
achieve?

The heart—in genius rich and godly fear—
Who of the heart the portrait might
achieve?

All filled with God, the spirit shining clear,
No image could retain, no art achieve.

III.

FROM A POEM TO J. BANITIUS.

Orba parente gemo: genitrix viduata marito
Ingemit, ereptis vi superante bonis.

Orphan's and widow's tears commingling fall,
While stern oppression robs us of our all.

IV.

AD M. MAJUM.

Namque

Non pede Pegaseam tam penetrarât humum,
Cum carum perimendo mihi patremque
magistrum

Impediêre gradus invida fata meos.
Unde dolor tenerum surgentis germen alumne
Reprimit et pressum surgere ad alta vetat.

Not far I went,
My youthful heart on Helicon intent,
By cruel fates arrested on my way,
Who took my sire a teacher for their prey:
So bitter grief repressed the budding power,
Chilled the fair growth and dwarfed the rising
flower.

V.

MARG. BALDHOVEN, ETC. NOVE NUPTE.

... Sponsam verè; quo vel ameris, ames,
Omnibus officiis illum lenire memento,
Sic vetare velis jurgia crebra tori.

Est mandare viri, nostrum esse parere
maritus

Est caput, ac ipsi mutua membra sumus.
Ut caput est Christus sancti (sancta unio)
cœtus,

Sic sponsum sponse fas caput esse suæ.

TO MARG. BALDHOVEN, ETC. LATELY
MARRIED.

Would'st love thy husband and thyself be
loved?

With mild observance all his humours meet;
So shall the casual bitter turn to sweet.
'Tis his to order,—ours to heed; for he
Is the true head; the aiding members we.
Christ, with His Church conjoined in mystic
bands,

To man and wife the type in wedlock stands.

VI.

Obsequium Domini cultu sacra numina pos-
cunt :

Proximus officium, patria terra fidem :
Qui cupis et dici simul et bonus esse, quod
aequum

Redde cuique suum, nosce beneque suum.

The fear of God, this claims the law above ;
Our country loyalty ; our neighbour love ;
Would'st be as well as seem man good and true?
Give each his own, and justly mete their due.

VII.

AULA ET AULICUS.

Aula vale, semper magnis amplissima verbis
Inque fide semper labilis, aula vale !

Qui te sectatur servitque fideliter, illum

Spe pulchra ad tempus, quo tibi prosit, alis.

At postquam ingratos queritur perisse labores

Enervem vides emeritumque fugas.

Nunquam fraude cares, nunquam tibi jurgia
desunt,

Semper suspicio semper adestque metus.

Splendida paupertas comes est tibi : fictio
vultus

Cognita, quæ voveat pluribus esse, tegit.

Minus, adulator, leno, mercator, apella

Cum grege scortorum te sine fruge colunt,

Ergo vale ! expertus fugio tua limina. Vivam

Contentus patriis finibus. Aula vale !

COURT AND COURTIERS.

Farewell, O Court, with all thy pompous swell
Of flattering words ! Capricious Court, fare-
well !

Thou charmest on with specious hope, as long
As suits thy will, the credulous servile throng.

Too late they mourn lost labour and delay :

Worn out, undone, thou drivest them away.

Rich in all frauds, from quarrels never clear,

Ever suspicion dogs thee, ever fear.

Thee follows splendid poverty ; and guile,

Mantling the face with its transparent smile.

On thee vile flatterers, and a venal train

Of wantons, mimes, and panders, wait in vain.

Farewell, O Court ! Content at home to dwell,

Experience bids me fly. O Court, farewell !

XII.

Si vini sapor est mollis placidusque recentis,

Acrior aut peior, cum veterascit, erit.

Sic quoque quæ primis est prægnans floribus
ætas

Viribus obtusis tabet adulta magis.

The new-made wine, too sweet and luscious
found,

Sharpens with age, or perishes unsound ;

So youth, with fortune's early flowers too gay,

Pales in its prime, and withers fast away.

XIII.

AMOR FEMINEUS.

Aut amat aut odit mulier, non tertia vis est

Ulla : sed hæc magni criminis ausa putes.

WOMAN'S LOVE.

Woman 'twixt hate and love no medium knows,
And hence the source of mighty crimes and
woes.

XIV.

AMOR EGA PARENTEM.

Si justum dederint tibi sors venerare parentem

Sin minus, hunc placido pectore ferre decet.

FILIAL LOVE.

If to thy lot a worthy parent fall,
Revere ; if not, with meekness bear it all.

One of her adorers could not refrain
from the old Gregorian pun, and makes
his address to the "dulcis Elisa" in the
following words :—

XVI.

Angla vel angelica es ? prorsus angelus ! immo-
Si sexus vetat hoc : angelus est animus.

Anglian or angel art thou ? Angel, sure !

No matter sex,—the soul is angel pure.

This little article pretends only to
be as an awakening touch, a sugges-
tion which some one with better ma-
terials, or means of procuring them,
may follow up. Even a selection of
Elizabetha Joanna Westonia's writings,
englished, with ampler details of her
brief pathetic life, would surely be wel-
comed by her country folk. I cannot
but think that many of us would gladly
breathe the sweet savour of this long-
dead violet ; that many of us would
gladly hear how it bloomed so brave
and lovely amidst the wintry bleak-
ness of adverse circumstance, and, when
the brief sunshine found it, among
the majestic growths of German lite-
rature.

THOUGHTS AND EXPERIENCES OF A GUARDIAN OF THE POOR.

WHEN, a few years ago, I was invited by my fellow-parishioners to become a Poor Law Guardian, I accepted the invitation with no small amount of hopeful readiness. For, notwithstanding the low estimation in which I was aware the office was held in some quarters, it was one to which I aspired as presenting a wide field of practical usefulness. At the outset I told my parish friends they must not expect any niggardliness or cheese-paring from me, and the answer I got from a plain, old-fashioned, but thoroughly good and upright man was this: "Look well to the aged and the sick, and let the able-bodied look to themselves." Thus encouraged I went to work with goodwill at any rate, and from that time to this have rarely missed a Board or Committee Meeting at which it was my duty to attend, have been continually looking up the recipients of outdoor relief, and have carefully watched every branch of Poor Law administration coming under my notice. And now, pausing for a moment to glance round, what is the outlook? The field of work is before me as large as when I entered it, and far more definite in outline, so that I can not only see there is much to do, but, to some extent, *what* and *how*; and yet nearly all the hopefulness which once possessed me is crushed out, or rather I should say crushed in, for though it seldom wells up now as it did so freely at first, I believe it is still either lying dormant somewhere down below, or has left a kind of dogged resolution in its place, urging me to keep on. Into some of the causes of this anomalous state of things I propose briefly to enter.

The Union to which I belong is situated in an agricultural district, and is partly rural, partly urban, comprising a considerable market-town, and some twenty surrounding parishes. There is

no disturbing element in the shape of trade or manufacture, with its vicissitudes, to affect to any appreciable degree the even tenor of the labour-market. The same amount of work has to be done one year as another, and nothing but a very severe winter can possibly disturb the normal state of things. The wages of the agricultural labourers are quite up to the average, and no steady competent man of that class need be without constant employment. The town is wealthy, the proportion of rich and well-to-do greater than ordinary, and private benevolence is more than usually active and far-reaching. Yet in this favoured district, as in comparison with others it may well be called, Pauperism is rampant and barefaced. There is scarcely a labourer in the whole Union but either is already a pauper, or is pretty sure to become one in some shape or other. If he has not received direct relief, he and his family have been brought into the world by the parish, and when the time comes his friends will expect him to be buried out of it by the same means. Amount of wages makes little difference with regard to this class, for railway platelayers and brick makers and burners, earning from fifteen to five-and-twenty shillings a week, are as prompt in their demands upon the relieving-officer as the poorest farm-labourer. Even the fact of being members of a club does not prevent them from asking relief in sickness. And, so far as I can see, there is not at present the slightest prospect of this state of things being altered, Poor Law administrators—central and local, paid and unpaid—all seeming to acquiesce in it as a matter of course. In relation to this, my experience has been altogether different from what I expected. Up to the time of my appointment as guardian my sympathies had always been with the recipients of relief rather

than with those who had to provide it. A few years of office have caused my feelings to veer round a good deal in the other direction. Not that I feel less for the unfortunate and distressed, but that I know better where to look for them. I have learnt that the struggling, striving householders—who pinch and starve to pay their rates, and keep their sufferings to themselves—are much more deserving of the sympathy of a humane and honest man than very many of the shameless characters who come before the Board, or whom one meets in the street knowing them to be recipients of relief; and that amongst the duties of a guardian, not the least imperative is to look well to the interest of this class of the poor.

It is the difficulty—the almost impossibility under existing circumstances—of dealing with justice between the ratepayer and the before-mentioned variety of the *genus* pauper as at present developed, which stares me so hopelessly in the face. Where the latter is incapacitated from work by old age, infancy, chronic disease, or permanent disablement, and *friendless*, no difficulty exists. Then, the duty of the guardian is, or should be, plain and clear, namely, to meet the case in as liberal a manner as possible, consistently with reason. But in our Union we have a large body of paupers of a different order from these. Men in constant employment, as soon as the slightest attack of illness in any shape overtakes them or their families, come upon us directly, first for the doctor, then for medicine and surgical appliances, and finally for all sorts of nourishing things, many of which I have good reason to know never reach the lips of the patient, but go to other members of the family. I do not deny that the wages of the people thus relieved are nominally low, though so much deception is practised that one can seldom get at the real amount; but what I maintain is, that men in this position have no right to come upon the parish at all. It is a monstrous thing, that a poor-rate levied as ours is should be regularly drawn upon year after year to supple-

ment the income of people in constant employ. And yet this ugly excrescence has grown upon a system based originally upon the best intentions, until the whole has become a mass of deformity and corruption. A certain section of our labouring poor have been bred up to look upon the poor-rate as a fund specially provided to save them from all care and forethought. This feeling is, I humbly believe, at the root of that pauperism which has overspread the country to such a ruinous and baneful extent, and in comparison to the getting rid of it all other Poor Law reforms dwindle into insignificance.

But although it is easy enough to say this on paper, when you come to deal practically with the matter you are surrounded by difficulties. What, for instance, can a Board of Guardians do when an application is made to them through the relieving officer, backed up by a doctor's certificate, in the case of a labouring man suffering from illness in himself or any of his family? The man's earnings may be stated at ten or twelve shillings a week, to which, as a rule, may be added twenty per cent. for understatement: the Guardians may have a dim suspicion that he ought to be in a position to meet the emergency himself. But he would stare at you open-mouthed if you were to tell him so; he has had it grammared into his head by a long train of circumstances, that it is the bounden duty of the parish to help him, and consequently, as a rule, he is totally unprepared. Even when prepared—and this you will never discover unless you happen to have a more than usually keen-scented relieving officer—this belief destroys all inclination on his part to help himself. What are you to do? There is the pressing need of the moment before you, the law supports the demand, humanity prompts, and if death or disaster should ensue from a refusal, there is the certainty of a public clamour being raised about your ears. Under such circumstances, there is no alternative but to grant the relief asked for, though in doing so you are helping to perpetuate

a great evil, and, in a certain sense, a great wrong. In the special case before you, the man really seems to have acquired a sort of vested right to aid, and it would be a cruel and barbarous thing to refuse him. Before this could be done with justice, a new law would have to be made and published up and down the land. It would have to be fenced and mollified by innumerable exceptions, and even then the first result of its being put in force would be something very nearly akin to a revolution. Looking at the matter with a practical eye, there appears but one hope of remedy for the existing state of things. That hope lies in the possibility that the rising generation of the labouring classes may receive such an education as shall engender in them proper feelings of self-respect and independence.

Leaving this part of the subject in the belief that it will one day be set right in the only apparently possible way, and coming to minor points in the administration of the Poor Law as at present in force, most of what there is to complain of arises from a want of discrimination and an absence of aptitude for and love of the work, which is very apparent in many of those engaged in it, and the results of which are almost as lamentable as those arising from positive hard-heartedness or cruelty. Any intentional approach to cruelty, I am happy to say, I have not met with either in the paid officers or my brother guardians, although I had somehow been led to expect it. None show any inclination to harshness or injustice, but very few, on the other hand, display any signs of that combination of tact and sympathy so essential in dealing with the poor. Charity is a sacred thing, and loses half its virtue when its rites are performed by coarse or careless hands. This rule applies to State charity as much as to any other; and therefore when a nation disposes itself to become charitable, its first duty, both to itself and to the poor whom it desires to relieve, should be to select fitting agents for the work. Had this duty been recognized and acted upon from the first, our Poor Law ad-

ministration could never have got into the confused and unsatisfactory state it is at present. Unfortunately, it was not; and now, after a lapse of three hundred years, it appears to be as little thought of as at the beginning. Such at least is my experience, and, judging from all we see and hear throughout the country, there is little reason to think that it is an exceptional one. The fault is clearly traceable to the whole people in their capacity of ratepayers. They have it in their power, by their representatives in the Legislature, to prescribe the action of the central authorities, and they have the direct appointment of the local ones. Once in every year it falls to their duty to nominate to the local Poor Law parliament a man or men upon whose attention to and fitness for the office mainly depends the important question whether the national bounty shall be dispensed in a becoming manner to those who really need it, or shall be indiscriminately distributed, sometimes with a reckless sometimes with a niggardly hand. How is this duty carried out by the ratepayers? In our Union the agricultural parishes generally nominate to the office their principal farmers, either by way of compliment or from the idea that being the largest ratepayers, they will look most closely to the disbursement of the rates. Of both these motives it may be said, that they display not only a want of appreciation of the true nature of the office, but also a considerable lack of discernment as to the special object in view. For it is difficult to see anything of a merely honorary or complimentary character in the position of guardian; and as to the largest farmers, it should be borne in mind that they are also the largest employers of labour, and may sometimes take advantage of their position to shift upon the parish responsibilities which they are morally bound to take upon themselves. I say *may*: I might say, *do*: for in more than one or two instances I have known such a one very eager in recommending to the kind consideration of the Board a man who has been disabled by accident or worn out by old age in his service, when I

could not help the thought that it would have been much more seemly for him, being a wealthy man, to have taken the matter into his own hands. In the town portion the same motives prevail, only there it is the principal tradesman instead of the principal farmer, with now and then a man who has made himself prominent in town matters. The wisdom of being guided by these motives may best be judged by the results which follow. Of the men thus nominated, quite one-third never attend the Board except on special occasions, when they put in an appearance on purpose to thwart some salutary new measure which the guardians in regular attendance have considered it expedient to propose. Comment on the fitness of these men is scarcely necessary. What tact, sympathy, or general capacity for business they may possess it is needless to inquire, seeing they do not think proper to employ them. There can be no greater disqualification for any office than entire neglect, more especially for one the duties of which require constant and unintermittent attention. For it is not with a Board of Guardians as with many public bodies, that business of importance has to be transacted only once in a way; every board-day brings its share of such, rightly considered. Every new case brought forward by the relieving officers, and every application for renewal of an old one, calls for careful and painstaking inquiry, to guard against imposture on the one hand, and see that the requirements of the suffering and needy are fully and fairly met on the other. When the guardian of the parish is not present, and pays no attention to his duties, the poor and the ratepayers are alike at the mercy of the relieving officer, who may be lavish, partial, or neglectful without check or hindrance.

Another third of the guardians, although they do show themselves now and then, are still so irregular in their attendance as to be of little more use than those who do not come at all. Upon the remaining third, therefore, practically devolves the entire business of the Board. Of these it is hard to

speak disparagingly, because, whatever their shortcomings, it is but fair to infer from their constant attendance that they desire to do their duty. If they fail fully to realize the nature of the office, as I believe many of them do, the tone of public opinion out of doors is as much to blame as they are, or more. This failure, and the lack of discrimination which accompanies it, are the only things with which most of them are chargeable. By them the business of the Board is got through in some fashion. The relief cases are hurried over, the dictum of the relieving officer being taken upon most of them. Now and then a guardian will take it into his head to raise an objection to some application, and if he be a man of weight it will be disallowed, while at the very next meeting a far more flagrant case of the same kind will be passed by without comment. This part of the business done, most of the members will take their departure, leaving some matter of pressing importance, such for instance as the serious illness of an officer, to be dealt with by the chairman and one or two others. As for bringing forward any new proposition, the bare possibility of such a thing, much less the necessity for it, never seems to enter the heads of most of them. For any such purpose a special meeting must be called, and then down come a lot of men whose faces you have not seen at the Board for so long a time that you had forgotten they had a right there; and however well considered and salutary the proposed change or innovation may be, if it involve any trifling outlay the chances are that these people will burke it unmercifully. A man must have the courage of desperation to attempt anything under such circumstances. As long as the Poor Law administrators elected by the ratepayers continue to show no clearer apprehension of their duties than most of them do at present, matters, whether right or wrong, will go on pretty much as they are, so far as they are concerned. It is to the central authorities alone that we must look for

amendment of the present system, or the introduction of a better one; which certainly seems an absurd state of things, since the local boards must be in quite as good, if not a better position for obtaining data upon which to act, if they only thought fit to set about it.

It may be urged, with some force, that it would be difficult in many parishes to find men possessing the qualifications necessary for a good guardian. This objection would have much greater force if the experiment had been more generally tried. Giving its due weight, however, in the case of guardians, it has no bearing whatever upon the selection of another class of Poor Law administrators, whose functions are still more onerous and important, namely, masters of union houses and relieving officers. These are the very hands of the whole Poor Law system; and when it is considered what the duties and responsibilities which devolve upon them are, the possibility of their being inefficient or unfit makes one tremble. The relieving officer has to carry the national bounty to the homes of the poor, and in doing so is brought into contact with misfortune and suffering in almost every shape—with the aged and bedridden, with the afflicted in mind and body, with the widow and orphan, with the mother in her time of trouble; and he has it in his power to soften affliction by his kindness, or by his harshness to render wretchedness more wretched. At the same time, it is his bounden duty to look well to the interests of the ratepayers; and he needs great vigilance and insight to prevent imposture and keep off the parasites who, upon the slightest encouragement, will wriggle into the relief fund and devour it. Truly it is not from every parish that an office requiring at once the Christian charity of a minister of the Gospel and the acumen of a police magistrate could be properly filled. Men endowed with such qualifications either by nature or education must be comparatively rare at any time; but surely, if ever they were to be obtained in sufficient numbers it must be now, when there are so many

well-trained and cultivated people hardly knowing which way to turn for bread. Not one of these, whatever his capabilities, would be too good for the post of relieving officer were the duties defined and carried out in the spirit in which the national bounty ought to be dispensed. But where the selection of these officers, and the apportionment of their salary, rest with guardians who do not fully enter into the scope and importance of their own duties, it is hardly to be expected that such considerations as the above will have much influence. How little, may be judged from the salary usually offered to relieving officers. Something rather beyond the wages of a London bricklayer is the rate of pay generally fixed for a man who has often the all but uncontrolled disbursal of from five to ten thousand a year. With so small an inducement it is not to be wondered at that competent men seldom offer themselves. Boards of guardians very rarely obtain the services of a man of this kind, and when they do it is more than they deserve. Broken-down tradesmen, aspiring policemen, farm-bailiffs, shopmen, and small clerks, form the staple of the ordinary candidates. From these it may not be difficult to select one who will perform the duties honestly enough in a rough way; but more than this is wanted, and if proper remuneration were given might be easily obtained, with the result, I venture to believe, not only of a great improvement in the tone and spirit of Poor Law administration, but of a considerable saving in a monetary sense. Upon this point ratepayers as well as guardians require to be educated; for even were the latter disposed to do justice in the matter, the former would raise such a clamour as would effectually deter them, forgetful of the words of the Wise Man, so thoroughly true in this instance: "There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth; and there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

The duties of a master, though differing from those of relieving officer, are not less onerous. He has the entire

charge of perhaps five or six hundred souls. True, he is under the supervision of both the central Poor Law inspector and the local visiting committee, and this should do away with the possibility of any gross neglect or mismanagement on his part. But neither of these authorities can exercise much influence on his habitual bearing towards the poor under his control, whose comfort and happiness must materially depend upon his character and disposition. Is it too much to say, that a man so placed should be, by training and education at least, a gentleman? Would any one, as trustee of a private charity, think of filling a similar post with any other? Yet I have reason to believe, that the masters of our national refuges for the destitute and afflicted are too often coarse and illiterate men. Such at least are most of those I have come in contact with, either in our house or as candidates for the office from other Unions. The well-known portraits of Mr. Bumble and Mrs. Corney are doubtless over-coloured, and were drawn under a former state of things; but they are not unrecognizable in many a workhouse of the present day. I appeal to all men who have any thought or feeling for the poor, whether this ought to be.

The selection of workhouse governors is hampered by a consideration which, after all I have heard advanced in its favour, I can but characterize as both absurd and unrighteous. In most Unions, a man to be eligible for the post must be "without encumbrance." His wife is expected to fill the position of matron, and both are boarded as well as lodged as part of their emolument. Hence every "encumbrance" in the shape of a child would be an extra charge upon the Union, which the guardians, as faithful conservators of the rates, are bound to prevent. The boarding system is adopted from a strong suspicion that if the master and matron received a full money payment and found themselves, they would still contrive to get the best part of their provisions at the expense of the Union, their opportunities for the purpose being so great. But I ask

if people possessed of so little integrity as to be capable of petty pilfering are fit for such a responsible position. Every time a master and matron are elected on this principle, the guardians say in effect:—"We believe these "people would filch half a pound of "tea if they could get the chance, or "would wink at any irregularities on "the part of the tradesmen who supply "the house, for the sake of a joint of "meat, a ham, or a cheese. Never- "theless we believe them to be quite "fit and proper persons to be entrusted "with the sole charge, moral and phy- "sical, of three or four hundred people." One of these beliefs must surely be wrong, and, whichever it be, it constitutes a sweeping condemnation of the whole principle. Moreover, many of the candidates who present themselves for this office when vacant *are not* without encumbrances of the kind objected to. They have children, put away for the time, to be smuggled in should the place be secured, to receive the occasional embraces of their parents, and then hurried off out of sight as if their existence were a crime and a reproach. No good can come of such a state of things. It is an acted lie, and engenders a spirit of deception and double-dealing which is pretty sure to bear fruit in other directions. The remedy for this, again, is plain and obvious; namely, by a more liberal and equitable system of payment to responsible officers, to obtain men of a higher standard, who would be above the suspicion of deceit and speculation, and would enter into the work as a labour of love. This latter qualification is wanted by all varieties of Poor Law administrators, from the highest to the lowest; and until they are endued with it, our Poor Law system will never work well, but will continue to be an expensive failure, and a great scandal; so great, indeed, that it is a grave question whether it would not be for the benefit alike of the national character, and the deserving poor themselves, to do away with it entirely, and leave the work of charity solely to private benevolence.

THE LEGEND OF LA BREA.

THIS myth about the famous Pitch Lake of Trinidad was told almost word for word to a M. Joseph by an aged half-caste Indian, who went by the name of Señor Trinidad. The manners and customs which the ballad describes, and the cruel and dangerous destruction of the beautiful birds of Trinidad, are facts which may be easily verified by any one who will take the trouble to visit the West Indies.

Down beside the loathly Pitch Lake,
In the stately Morichal,¹
Sat an ancient Spanish Indian,
Peering through the columns tall.

Watching vainly for the flashing
Of the jewelled colibris;²
Listening vainly for their humming
Round the honey-blossomed trees.

"Few," he sighed, "they come, and fewer,
To the cocorite³ bowers;
Murdered, madly, through the forests
Which of yore were theirs—and ours."

By there came a negro hunter,
Lithe and lusty, sleek and strong,
Rolling round his sparkling eyeballs,
As he loped and lounged along.

Rusty firelock on his shoulder;
Rusty cutlass on his thigh;
Never jollier British subject
Rollicked underneath the sky.

British law to give him safety,
British fleets to guard his shore,
And a square of British freehold—
He had all we have, and more.

¹ A magnificent wood of the Mauritia Fanpalm, on the south shore of the Pitch Lake.

² Humming-birds.

³ Maximiliana palms.

Fattening through the endless summer,
Like his own provision ground,
He had reached the summum bonum
Which our latest wits have found.

So he thought; and in his hammock
Gnawed his junk of sugar-cane,
Toasted plantains at the fire-stick,
Gnawed, and dozed, and gnawed again.

Had a wife in his ajoupa¹—
Or, at least, what did instead;
Children, too, who died so early,
He'd no need to earn their bread.

Never stole, save what he needed,
From the Crown woods round about;
Never lied, except when summoned—
Let the warden find him out.

Never drank, except at market;
Never beat his sturdy mate;
She could hit as hard as he could,
And had just as hard a pate.

Had no care for priest nor parson,
Hope of heaven nor fear of hell;
And in all his views of nature
Held with Comte and Peter Bell.

Healthy, happy, silly, kindly,
Neither care nor toil had he,
Save to work an hour at sunrise,
And then hunt the colibri.

Not a bad man; not a good man:
Scarce a man at all, one fears,
If the Man be that within us
Which is born of fire and tears.

Round the palm-stems, round the creepers,
Flashed a feathered jewel past,
Ruby-crested, topaz-throated,
Plucked the cocorite bast,

¹ Hut of timber and palm leaves.

² From the Eriodendron, or giant silk-cotton.

The Legend of La Brea.

Plucked the fallen ceiba-cotton,
Whirred away to build his nest,
Hung at last, with happy humming,
Round some flower he fancied best.

Up then went the rusty muzzle,
"Dat de tenth I shot to-day:"
But out sprang the Indian shouting,
Balked the negro of his prey.

"Eh, you Señor Trinidad!
What dis new ondacent plan?
Spoil a gentl'man's chance ob shooting?
I as good as any man.

"Dese not your woods; dese de Queen's woods:
You seem not know whar you ar,
Gibbin' yuself dese buckra airs here,
You black Indian Papist! Dar!"

Stately, courteous, stood the Indian;
Pointed through the palm-tree shade:
"Does the gentleman of colour
Know how yon Pitch Lake was made?"

Grinned the negro, grinned and trembled—
Through his nerves a shudder ran—
Saw a snake-like eye that held him;
Saw—he'd met an Obeah man.

Saw a fétish—such a bottle—
Buried at his cottage door;
Toad and spider, dirty water,
Rusty nails, and nine charms more.

Saw in vision such a cock's head
In the path—and it was white!
Saw Brinvilliers¹ in his pottage:
Faltered, cold and damp with fright.

Fearful is the chance of poison:
Fearful, too, the great unknown:
Magic brings some positivists
Humbly on their marrow-bone.

Like the wedding-guest enchanted,
There he stood, a trembling cur;
While the Indian told his story,
Like the Ancient Mariner.

¹ *Spigelia anthelmia*, a too well-known poison-plant.

Told how—"Once that loathly Pitch Lake
Was a garden bright and fair;
How the Chaymas off the mainland
Built their palm ajoupas there.

"How they throve, and how they fattened,
Hale and happy, safe and strong;
Passed the livelong days in feasting;
Passed the nights in dance and song.

"Till they cruel grew, and wanton:
Till they killed the colibris.
Then outspake the great Good Spirit,
Who can see through all the trees.

"Said—"And what have I not sent you,
Wanton Chaymas, many a year!
Lapp,¹ agouti,² cachicame,³
Quenc⁴ and guazu-pita deer.

"Fish I sent you, sent you turtle,
Chip-chip,⁵ conch, flamingo red,
Woodland paui,⁶ horned screamer,⁷
And blue ramier⁸ overhead.

"Plums from balata⁹ and mombin,¹⁰
Tania,¹¹ manioc,¹² water-vine;¹³
Let you fell my slim manacques,¹⁴
Tap my sweet morichè wine.¹⁵

"Sent rich plantains,¹⁶ food of angels;
Rich ananas,¹⁷ food of kings;
Grudged you none of all my treasures:
Save these lovely useless things.'

"But the Chaymas' ears were deafened;
Blind their eyes, and could not see
How a blissful Indian's spirit
Lived in every colibri.

"Lived, forgetting toil and sorrow,
Ever fair and ever new;
Whirring round the dear old woodland,
Feeding on the honey-dew.

¹ Coclogeny's Paca.

² Trigonía.

³ Mimusops.

⁴ Jatropa manihot, "Cassava."

⁵ Euterpe, "mountain cabbage" palm.

⁶ Musa.

⁷ Wild cavy.

⁸ Penelope.

⁹ Spondias.

¹⁰ Pine-apple.

¹¹ Armadillo.

¹² Palamedea.

¹³ An esculent Arum.

¹⁴ Vitis Caribaea.

¹⁵ Mauritia palm.

¹⁶ Peccary hog.

¹⁷ Dove.

The Legend of La Brea.

"Till one evening roared the earthquake:
Monkeys howled, and parrots screamed:
And the Guaraons at morning
Gathered here, as men who dreamed.

"Sunk were gardens, sunk ajoupas;
Hut and hammock, man and hound:
And above the Chayma village
Boiled with pitch the cursed ground.

"Full, and too full; safe, and too safe;
Negro man, take care, take care.
He that wantons with God's bounties
Of God's wrath had best beware.

"For the saucy, reckless, heartless,
Evil days are sure in store.
You may see the Negro sinking
As the Chayma sank of yore."

Loudly laughed that stalwart hunter—

"Eh, what superstitious talk!
Nyam¹ am nyam, an' maney maney;
Birds am birds, like park am park;
An' dere's twenty thousand birdskins
Ardered jes' now fram New Yark."

¹ Food.

C. KINGSLEY.

REVISION OF THE BIBLE.

BY WILLIAM G. HUMPHRY.

THE necessity for a public revision of the English Bible has long been felt by some of our most eminent divines and scholars; but, until within the last two or three months, the representations which they have made upon the subject have not produced any great impression on the public mind. The excellence of the Authorized Version, the fear of change, misconception as to the nature of the proposed revision, the difficulty of the work, have doubtless been among the causes operating to keep things as they are. Revisionists, if the world bestowed any thought upon them at all, were regarded as mischievous innovators, or well-intentioned visionaries. And when a project for revision was favourably entertained, and action was taken upon it by the Upper House of Convocation in February last, a rather strong expression of surprise was permitted to appear in a leading journal. That the Bishops should place themselves in advance of public opinion, and be willing to originate an undertaking which involved the gravest responsibility, was a sign of a higher courage than was generally attributed to that Right Reverend body, one of whose favourite maxims was supposed to be to "let well alone." It is because I recognize in that Episcopal movement a sign of wisdom as well as courage that I have taken upon me to say something in its favour.

And first, it may be well to make a few retrospective observations on the efforts which have been already made in the cause of Biblical revision. Those who wish to be fully acquainted with the history of the subject may be referred to the *Dictionary of the Bible*, where they will find a good summary of it under the title "Versions."

Soon after the beginning of the last century, advocates of a revision began to appear, and several private attempts were made to accomplish it. But these labours were attended with small success. How could it be otherwise at a time when Biblical criticism and philology had made so little progress, and when the antique style and diction of the English Bible, like the pointed architecture of our churches, was considered to be only a degree removed from barbarism? Many of the words which it was then proposed to eliminate from the Bible as obsolete have either renewed their youth, and come again into common use, or else are flourishing in a green old age amidst universal respect: such words are jeopardy, twain, albeit, straightway, to beguile, to wax, to lack, garner, ensample, boisterous, lineage, perseverance, potentate, shorn, vigilant, unloose, unction, vocation. A warning this to revisers at the present day, reminding them of Horace's maxim, that—

"Multa renascentur quæ jam cecidere, cadentque
Quæ nunc sunt in honore vocabula."

In 1796, Archbishop Newcome, following in the wake of Secker, Lowth, Kennicott, Geddes, and others, made a vigorous and well-directed effort to promote the work of revision, and himself tried his hand at it; but his labours, like those of his predecessors, were ill-timed. The French Revolution was producing in the English mind that aversion to change, that disposition to identify reform with revolution, which long survived the Reign of Terror; and the most notable consequence of Archbishop Newcome's labours was an im-

proved version (as it was called) of the New Testament, based on his translation, and published by the Unitarians in 1808.

Soon after the Peace, Dr. Bellamy took courage to publish a revised translation of the Bible. It appeared with a great flourish of trumpets, the Prince Regent himself heading the subscription-list; but it was wanting alike in accuracy, orthodoxy, and reverence, and after one or two crushing articles in the *Quarterly*, was heard of no more. About the same time Bishop Marsh, Professor of Divinity at Cambridge, gave his testimony very strongly for Biblical revision; and, as a proof that Oxford scholars have not been without similar aspirations, it is sufficient to refer to a remarkable letter addressed by the late Dr. Gaisford to Sir Robert Inglis in 1855, urging him to move in Parliament for the appointment of a Royal Commission to revise the English Bible. — This letter has lately appeared in print, and may be seen in the *Contemporary Review* for February last.

Within the last fifteen years, a number of tentative revisions have appeared, some by single hands, some by associated authors; some of the whole Bible, others of the New Testament alone. They show the growing interest which the subject is exciting in the minds of scholars and students, and indeed of the community at large; and if none of them have succeeded in commanding general acceptance, they have, together with the discussions to which they have given rise, tended very much to determine the principles on which the work should be conducted, and thus to pave the way and excite the demand for an authoritative revision, which should be entitled to the public confidence. Not wholly unsuccessful in this point of view was the revision of St. John's Gospel and seven of St. Paul's Epistles published by "five clergymen" between the years 1857 and 1861. The twofold object of this work, as stated in the preface, was "to exhibit in the "fullest, most honest, and most loyal man-

ner, the actual meaning of the inspired Word of God, and to show that the Authorized Version is indeed a precious and holy possession, and that the errors of it are very slight and few in comparison of its many and great excellences."

A revised edition of the English Bible is now in course of publication by the Religious Tract Society. The Old Testament as far as the Book of Esther inclusive, and the whole of the New Testament, have already appeared. In this edition the Authorized Version is published entire, and the proposed corrections are interpolated in the text as alternative readings, enclosed in brackets. A few emendations of the original text have been adopted. This revision bears evidence of sound scholarship, good taste, and great, perhaps excessive, caution. Whatever be its merits, it is a remarkable sign of the times, both as the testimony of a great religious Society to the need of a revision, and as a proof that the difficulty of uniting together Church of England divines and Nonconformists for a good and holy purpose is not insuperable.

In illustration of this latter point a work may be mentioned, which in other respects also is full of interest. I refer to the revision of the Tamil Bible lately executed at Madras, under the auspices of the Bible Society: the revisers being a committee of Church of England clergy and representatives of various Nonconformist bodies. Their revision was based on the Hebrew and Greek texts, not on the English Authorized Version. They laboured together with the utmost harmony for eleven years, from 1857 to 1868, when they brought their work to a happy and satisfactory conclusion. A paper, giving a detailed account of their proceedings, has been published by the Bible Society, and is well worth perusal. One passage tallies so closely with the experience of a similar association with which I have been connected, that I cannot refrain from quoting it: "Our daily work brought us so directly in contact with the great things and the deep things of God, that it was a

'source of continual refreshment to us, "and continual delight, and the brotherhood of feeling, with which we were united, turned our toil into a pleasure. "So rapidly did the time always fly by, "that we ended each day's work with reluctance, and the only day that hung heavily on our spirits was the last, "when we felt that our work had come to an end, and that all that remained "for us to do was to prepare to part." Such testimony may help to dissipate the fears of those who think that a number of earnest-minded and learned men of different denominations, if they were to meet together over the open Bible, would only meet to quarrel as to its contents.

Among English revisions, an important place must be assigned to the New Testament revised by the Dean of Canterbury, according to a recension of the text constructed by himself. This laborious work I have carefully examined throughout, and found to be well worthy of the Dean's high reputation. Many valuable contributions to Biblical revision are to be found in Conybeare and Howson's translation of St. Paul's Epistles, in the Dean of Westminster's works, in Archbishop Trench's elegant treatise on the Authorized Version, in Mr. Perowne's new translation of the Psalms, and in the emendations furnished by Dr. Pusey's Commentary (unhappily incomplete) on the Minor Prophets.

In striking contrast to the works which I have just named, a book has recently been published with the title—"Bible Difficulties, and their Teaching." Written in a tone of bitterness, and beneath criticism in point of scholarship, it is yet curious as an onslaught on the English Bible from a Roman Catholic point of view, and an example of the length to which a member of that communion will go in disparaging the authority of Scripture, for the purpose of exalting that of the Church. The anonymous author denies the integrity and trustworthiness of the Hebrew and Greek texts, attributes dissimulation and other failings to the sacred writers, dilates on the apparent contradictions and inaccuracies

which are found in the Scriptures, imputes to our translators wilful perversions and mistranslations intended to exclude Catholic doctrine, argues that the Divinity of our Lord cannot be proved exclusively from Scripture, and that the only consistent Bible Christians are those who deny that fundamental truth of the Gospel—and all this in order to show the necessity of a living teacher, anterior and superior to the written Word, namely, "the Rock," the Roman Church, the incorruptible depositary and guardian of primitive traditions. When he accuses our translators of ignorance or unfaithfulness, he generally convicts himself of the grossest ignorance and presumption. One specimen will be enough of the manner in which he interweaves philology with theology, and makes a tissue of falsehood out of the two. He says it was by the overruling of the Divine Spirit that the Seventy and the writers of the New Testament were led to translate the Hebrew word *Berith*, signifying a covenant, by *διαθήκη* rather than *συνθήκη*, for *διαθήκη* in its doctrinal sense means transubstantiation, and in that sense is used by our Lord in the institution of the Holy Eucharist, whereas *συνθήκη* in that place would have meant consubstantiation!

From the foregoing catalogue of new Versions and Revisions, what moral are we to deduce? Surely this, that as the English Bible is exposed to a running fire of criticism from so many sides, there is danger lest an exaggerated idea of its imperfection should go abroad, and the people should begin to lose their trust in it; while the more educated class of readers will betake themselves to versions tinted by sectarian predilections or disfigured by private crotchets; and it is time for those who have authority in Church and State to rescue our Version from the unauthorized manipulation which it is now receiving, and with a loving and reverential hand to purge it of its ascertained errors, and bring it up to the present standard of our Biblical knowledge. The materials for the purpose, both critical and exegetical, are abundant;

and to a great extent they have been sifted and reduced to order. We have examples showing us how not to do the work, and how it should be done. It seems to me that the present generation of divines and scholars will be failing in their duty, will be dealing unfaithfully with God's Word, if they do not make a combined effort for the purpose of giving their contemporaries the nearest possible approximation to the meaning of the Holy Scriptures in a revised edition of our present Version.

Without expecting perfection, or even finality, we may confidently hope for a considerable improvement. Laying it down as the first principle of the revision that the Authorized Version is to be altered only where there is error or obscurity, many important alterations would at once, and by common consent, be admitted. In the *Textus Receptus* the most conservative critics allow the existence of serious blemishes which it would be desirable to remove: and I cannot think there would be any irreconcilable difference of opinion among Biblical scholars as to the principles on which the revision of the original text should be conducted. There can be no doubt that the Received Text will be followed, except where the evidence against it is overwhelming. In the translation, there are passages, as the late Professor Blunt pointed out long ago, which, if not actually erroneous in doctrine, are apt to lead to misconception, and afford some colour to the charge of *motived* mistranslation which the anonymous Romanist writer just quoted has brought against the Anglican Bible. Not wishing now to divert attention from the general principles of the subject to the consideration of particular passages, I shall only adduce one or two familiar instances of what I mean. Thus at Acts ii. 47—"The Lord added to the church daily such as should be saved." It may be difficult to give neatly in English the force of the present participle, *τοὺς αὐξοῦντας*; but there is nothing in it which favours predestination, as the Authorized Version seems to do; and the literal meaning is, "those

that were saving themselves," or "being saved." Again, at Col. i. 15, we read in the Authorized Version, "The first-born of every creature," making it appear that Christ is Himself a created being. The original *πρωτότοκος πάσης κτίσεως* gives us a very different meaning, "first-begotten before every creature," or, "all creation." In many passages the sense is either confused or lost through inattention to the articles, the tenses, the force of prepositions or particles, or through the insertion of words in italics. The connection of thought in St. Paul's Epistles is often obscured by a grammatical error, which, though slight in itself, is sufficient to break the continuity of the argument. Our revisers in 1611 took credit to themselves for giving several translations of the same word for the sake of elegance; but by not rendering a word uniformly in the same way, they often destroyed the key-note of a whole passage, and made that a puzzle in the version which was perfectly clear in the original. Some of the inaccuracies to which I refer are due to the Latin Vulgate, which deservedly has had great influence on all modern versions, but was a guide to be followed with great caution, for this reason, if for no other, that the Latin language is unable to render the Greek article, or to express the distinction between the Greek preterite and aorist; two important points in which the English, far from being deficient like the Latin, is in general well able to represent the Greek. In some cases also an unfortunate mistranslation of a word or phrase may be traced to the Latin Vulgate. For instance, though St. Paul is accounted the pattern of Christian courtesy and prudence, yet both his courtesy and prudence are impugned by our Authorized Version, when it makes him commence his first address to the most fastidious and sensitive audience in the ancient world, by telling them that he perceived they were "too superstitious." The Greek is properly translated "very religious," but our translators have followed the Vulgate "superstitiosiores."

One of the felicities of the Authorized Version, with which it has been invested by lapse of time rather than by the intention of the translators, is its archaic diction and style, removing it from the language of common life. This should, by all means, be preserved. There are, however, a few obsolete and indelicate words or phrases which might well be altered; and there are some which, though not obsolete, have in the course of ages changed their meaning, and are apt to produce confusion of thought in the reader's mind. Such are, *prevent for go before*; *conversation for conduct*; and probably *damnation*, as used in 1 Cor. xi.; for in Early English that word was certainly not used, as now, exclusively with reference to the future condemnation of the wicked. For an Old Testament example we may take Judges ix. 53—"A certain woman cast a piece of millstone upon Abimelech's head, and all-to brake his skull," where the old meaning of "all-to," *entirely*, has in later times been completely lost sight of, and even such high authorities as the King's printers have been baffled by it, and betrayed into an 'erratum.'

Here and there, in the process of accurate revision, a familiar and favourite text will be so changed that we shall not know it again, and, on comparing the old reading with the new, we shall be tempted to pronounce that surely the old is better. But in this respect the gain on the whole will far exceed the loss; and light will be thrown on many passages of Job, the Psalms, and the Prophets, which at present convey no definite meaning at all.

As it may be asked what amount of alteration in the Authorized Version is likely to be produced by the revision, a rough estimate as to the New Testament has been made by a very careful person, from which it would appear, that on account of errors in translation, on the average there would be one verbal change to every verse; and on account of corrections of the original text, the number of changes would be very much less. Even such a rough estimate as

this may serve to moderate undue expectations and undue alarms. With regard to the Old Testament no such computation has been made; but in the Pentateuch the changes would probably be few, while in the later Books they would be very numerous.

There are some lesser, but by no means unimportant particulars, belonging mostly to the province of interpretation, which would have to be included in the revision,—such are the use of italics, parentheses, capital letters, the punctuation, the chapter-headings, the marginal notes and references, many of which have been introduced since 1611 and without authority. The divisions into chapters and verses would probably remain as they are, for change in these respects would be attended with more inconvenience than advantage; but the marks indicating the commencement of new sections or paragraphs would require rectification.

Doctrinal words, such as *baptism*, *bishop*, *repentance*, &c., would in general be unaltered. It has indeed been proposed to substitute Jehovah for "the Lord," as the translation, or rather the adumbration of the Hebrew name, keeping "the Lord" to represent *Adonai*; and the Dean of Canterbury, in his English New Testament, has everywhere substituted *Holy Spirit* for *Holy Ghost*, and *love for charity*, where *ἀγάπη* occurs in the Greek; and there are manifest reasons in favour of these alterations; but they jar upon the ear, and the offence which they thus give would probably be felt to outweigh the advantages which would arise from them.

We come now to the practical question, What course should be taken to give effect to these considerations? The appointment of a Royal Commission is strongly to be desired, as being in strict accordance with precedent; as securing a fair selection from the various religious bodies of the country; and as the best—nay, the only—way of giving the Commission its due moral weight, and ensuring the adoption of the result of its labours by all the bodies from whom it was selected, and the maintenance of that bond of

union between widely differing communities which the Authorized Version has so eminently proved to be. Nor can I doubt that the advisers of her Majesty would be justified by public opinion in making the appointment; for now that the fear of a new translation has been shown to be unfounded, the feeling in favour of a revision has gained ground immensely. Let us suppose, then, that a number of divines and scholars, including a full proportion of Nonconformists of all bodies, are selected by the Crown for the purpose. The number appointed at the last revision, fifty, would probably be sufficient on the present occasion. Of these, let a committee of three be set apart to superintend the operations and harmonize the work of the whole body. Let the Commission be divided, as at the last revision, into companies, each of which should undertake a certain portion of the Bible; let the members of each company, on stated days, communicate to each other through the post the result of their independent consideration of a limited number of chapters or verses. From time to time let each company hold a conference to ratify the conclusions as to which they are all agreed, and to discuss the points on which they differ or are in doubt. These conferences might be held at Oxford and Cambridge, where there would be free access to books; and in vacation time, when some of the Colleges would be able and willing to provide the Commissioners with lodging and other useful accommodation. These labours may be expected to extend over several years, and would require a considerable sacrifice of time on the part of those who engage in them. Such a sacrifice, however, would gladly be made for such an object, if the necessary expenses of travelling, printing, &c., were defrayed from the public funds.

The work, when completed, should be published as a continuous text, and not in the form of marginal readings. Upon this point, though it may be regarded as a matter of detail rather than of principle, I am myself disposed to lay stress, notwithstanding the expression

of a different opinion by persons whose judgment is entitled to great respect. It would be impossible for the reader fully to estimate the proposed emendations, or even to understand them properly, if his eye had to be constantly travelling in quest of them into the margin, and from thence importing them into the text. There would be, as there is now, an involuntary prejudice in favour of the old reading in the text, and against the would-be interloper from the margin. The only readings placed in the margin should be alternative renderings of passages which in the judgment of the Commissioners were ambiguous or obscure in the original.

The revised Version having been submitted to the community at large, it may be thought expedient, after a year or two, that the Commissioners should be brought together again for a final review of their work. The Version may then be left to make its way by its own merits, and to come into general use both in public and private reading. It was nearly half a century before the Bible of 1611 prevailed entirely over its predecessors; it would probably hold its ground as long, or longer, after the appearance of its successor. But it will give way quietly at last. There will probably be no need of any legislative enactment to displace it, for there will be those who will take care to make it known that our *Authorized Version*, as we call it, has no authority besides that of custom, if we except those passages which have been incorporated in the Prayer-book; and that there is no law of Church or State binding the clergy to read the lessons from it.

It is a little remarkable that objections to Biblical revision should of late years have proceeded chiefly from that school of religious thought which depreciates alike the ancient traditions and the living authority of the Church, and regards the Bible as the one all-sufficient rule of faith and discipline. It was to be expected that the disciples of that school would have been ready to encourage a movement having for its object the elucidation of the Book to which they make their exclusive appeal,

and that being unable to claim infallibility on behalf of the English Version (whatever they may do for the original text) they would have wished it to have the highest possible claim to public confidence. To say nothing of the dissuaves against revision published in past years by the late Dr. McCaul and Dr. Cumming, I must dwell for a moment on the letter addressed by Lord Shaftesbury to Professor Selwyn in February of this year, in which his lordship alleges that "a Commission of revisers, to be impartial, must include representatives of the extremest forms of Ritualism, Socinianism, and Infidelity." But to this we may reply that the Ministers of the Crown would certainly not place on the Commission the representatives of any class or denomination that does not cordially accept the present English Bible; and subject to this condition, I see no reason why any section of Christians should be excluded. It is to be remembered that the persons selected for such a work will be such as are distinguished for their scholarship rather than for their controversial pugnacity; and when once they have entered on their labours, they will have such a sense of responsibility to God and man, and such an earnest desire to arrive at the truth, as will compel them to merge their own peculiar dogmas, even if there were more opportunity for insisting on them than is likely to occur in weighing the evidence of MSS., and in translating Hebrew and Greek, word for word, into English.

Lord Shaftesbury proceeds to ask, "Even supposing the Commission to be unanimous, what prospect would there be of their satisfying the scholarship of the outer world; considering what contradictory meanings are put on the same passage by men of professed learning; and what swarms of readers and writers now-a-days there are who live on small criticism and cavil, who show their wit by taking exception to everything, and in efforts to prevent any public confidence?" To this it may be replied that the work of such a body of men as we contemplate would

soon live down the cavils of the smaller critics; and that in passages upon which men of real learning are unable to agree, the Commissioners would either leave the Version as it is, or would take some means of informing the reader, by an alternative reading or otherwise, of the difficulty which was inherent in the original.

It is well that these objections should be stated. They are not purely imaginary; but in my opinion the force of them is greatly overrated, and they constitute no sufficient reason why the attempt should not be made. Supposing the attempt to fail, we should not be in a more humiliating position than if we were to be deterred from making it by the fear of failure.

Still less can the question be set at rest in the summary way in which Mr. Malan would dispose of it in his "Vindication of the Authorized Version," by saying that "we have no Hebrew scholars equal to Hyde, Pococke, and South, the lights of the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries,"—and that "biblical criticism and scholarship are at the lowest ebb in this country, and, so far as they go, not much else than German teaching at second-hand." Even if we have not among us any such great lights as appeared at intervals in the preceding centuries, there are Hebrew scholars possessed of qualities by which great Hebrew scholars have not always been distinguished—good sense and sober judgment; while the Arabic, an important auxiliary to the study of Hebrew, is now far better understood, thanks to the labours of Gesenius and others, than it was in 1611, when Bidwell was said to be the only person in England who could be named as an Arabic scholar, and he was employed on the Pentateuch, the easiest part of the Hebrew Old Testament. On the other hand, with regard to Greek scholarship, we seem rather likely to lose than to gain by delay. The spirit of the age does not encourage that laborious study which leads to profound and accurate knowledge. Moreover, modern languages and natural and moral sciences are entering into competition with the

old-fashioned studies both at the public schools and in the curriculum of the Universities; and it is likely that, in the coming time, there will be a smaller rather than a larger number of men devoting themselves to the higher walks of scholarship and criticism. Indeed, is there any single point of view in which we can anticipate with confidence that a future age will be more fitted than our own to grapple with the difficulties of such a work? Is it certain that there will be more learning, or more earnestness in the study of Scripture, or that sectarian divisions will be less strongly marked, or that the Church will be more at unity in itself, more capable of directing a revision, and of giving authority to it when completed? How do we know that, even as regards our admiration of the Authorized Version, there may not be a reaction; and as the good taste which formed the style of the English Bible under the Tudors was followed under the Stuarts by a fondness for Latinisms and artificial conceits, is it impossible that another generation, looking upon our love of Saxon as an Anglomania, may delight in the "thin, frenchified, squeaking sentences" which Lord Shaftesbury apprehends but which no one now would think of introducing into the pure well of English undefiled?

There is some truth in the observation with which Lord Shaftesbury triumphantly clenches his reasons against revision. "If," he says, "the Bible-reading 'people were polled at this moment, 'man by man, woman by woman, child by child, an overwhelming majority 'would announce that they would stand 'firm to the inheritance of their forefathers, and that here at least they 'would never exchange old lamps for 'new.' This would doubtless be the case; but with equal truth it might have been predicted at the time of the Reformation—and Lord Shaftesbury, had he then lived, would have been the prophet to predict—that the mass of the people, if they could be polled, would have been for standing by the old ways of Popery. Happily it is not likely

that, in this country at least, recourse will be had to a *Plébiscite* to decide the question.

Of this I have no doubt, that it is the duty of those who are called to be the teachers and guardians of God's truth, not only to preserve the Scriptures from corruption, and to search out their meaning, but also to give to the people, whether the people desire it or no, the benefit of the knowledge which they have themselves acquired, to exhibit the Bible, so far as possible, in its integrity, and in a language that may be understood of the people; and if, in discharging this arduous but pressing duty, they must disturb a few pious and innocent prepossessions, yet they will be rewarded by the consciousness that they have thrown a light upon many places that before were obscure, and that they have given the Authorized Version, by their revision of it, an additional claim to the confidence and love of a future generation.

This is a national work, to be undertaken for the good of the people. As such, it should be sanctioned by the authority of the State, and not left to be done by a voluntary and self-constituted Association. That the men who engage in it may have the highest sense of responsibility, and be animated by the strongest hopes of success, they should feel that they have been chosen for it, and united together, by the national will, expressed through the Ministers of the Crown. But if—which we cannot yet believe—insuperable difficulties exist as to the appointment of a Royal Commission, I for one would accept that which is second best, and should be glad to see Convocation taking up the work, provided it were to do so in a liberal and comprehensive spirit, seeking the best scholars for the purpose wherever they may be found, and bringing Churchmen and Nonconformists to work together. And I know nothing more likely to soften religious animosities, and to bring the various sections of our English Christendom into friendly unison, than such a work as this.

FIFINE: A STORY OF MALINES.

BY KATHARINE S. MACQUOID.

I.

It is bright July weather—so intensely hot that even Madame Popot, salamander as she is, leans back from her washtub and cries out "Pouf!" and—like a flock of sheep following in slavish imitation the one adventurous mutton which leaps a gap in the hedge—Madame's three assistants cry out at the same moment "Pouf!"—"Ciel, que ça brûle!"—"On étouffe!" and the shrill chorus mounts up like some heathen invocation to Phœbus.

But Madame Popot has four assistants, and the fourth is a young girl who still bends over her washtub, as if the heat in no way troubled her.

The cloud of steam hides the girl's face, so it is only now and then that you catch a glimpse of it, a vision of sweet blue eyes and shining hair, altogether of a lovely little maiden; but the maiden's face is sad, and gazing at her attentively you comprehend that the sorrow that brings tears stealing down her cheeks absorbs other feelings, and makes her by far the most industrious to-day among the assistants of the respectable Madame Popot.

And Madame Popot is very respectable. You only need step outside the archway and see where the wash-house is situated to be sure of this: you will find yourself on the quay of the principal canal of the quaint little Flemish town; and, my friend, let me tell you that such a situation is sought after, though it is not every one who could afford to pay the rent demanded for it. It is such a busy place. The quay is laden with casks and huge packages, with brilliant scarlet tiles and shining coal-heaps: you can hardly see the old-fashioned houses on the opposite quay, with their

high-stepped gables and richly-carved stone fronts, for the masts and brown sails of the barges. The canal is choked with barges, glowing in the sunlight like rose-beetles, with green and crimson paint, each waiting its turn of unlading by the monster crane on the opposite quay, towering above the houses with its slated roof. The crane is so monstrous that as its unwieldy bulk comes swinging round, you fancy the town has taken to waltzing, and will presently come toppling over into the canal. The women in the barges, with huge gold horns in their caps, screech wildly as they unlade cargoes of red bricks and tiles; and mingled with this din is the crash of the timber and other commodities which the crane lands in its clumsy fashion on the stone flags of the quay. Between the heat and the noise you find yourself driven again under the shadow of Madame Popot's archway.

Her sitting-room is on the right of the small yard within the archway. Not much to be seen in it except a small pale crippled woman crouched together in a chair, her eyes strained on the tower of the Cathedral, visible from the flower-screened window. It is worth while to pass through the second archway facing the first, though on your way you will again suffer from the steam of the wash-house on the right-hand side of the yard; but you had better go in, if only to look at La mère Jacqueline's flowers. Framed by the archway is the bleaching-green, with lines crossing from side to side, covered already with dazzling white, and here and there with blue and scarlet garments; in the brilliant light each colour outvies the other, till the eye gets dazzled by the rich enamel of green and scarlet, and blue and white, set in gorgeous sunshine; above rises in massive grandeur the tower of St. Rumbold.

No wonder La mère Jacqueline's eyes rest on it with admiring pride. It stands a colossal hint to us housebuilders of the nineteenth century of the way in which pious souls in the so-called "dark ages" gave glory to God.

It is a quarter-past two o'clock, and the chimes play a sweet mournful dirge. As it ends, the young girl with blue eyes and shining hair comes out of the wash-house, bearing a bucketful of freshly-scalded linen. She is going to the river to soap it, and presently La grosse Margotin will come after her, and help her beat it in the fresh flowing water.

As the girl passes by the sitting-room door she nods to the crippled woman—"Au revoir, ma mère." And then she waits while La mère Jacqueline raises her feeble hand slowly to her lips.

"Au revoir, my child—à ce soir, Fifine," she says, in a soft weak voice.

The smile lingered on the crippled woman's lips even when Fifine's bright young face had gone out of sight.

Two years of helpless endurance had taught much patience to La mère Jacqueline. She had always been meek and gentle, but she had been singularly active, and as blithe as a bird.

Never so prosperous a laundress as her sister, Madame Popot; but till two years ago in a fair way of business at Louvain. Then a stroke of paralysis came and took away her power of working.

She would not ask assistance. For a few months she struggled on; but Fifine at fourteen could not earn much, and ruin came to the happy little home.

Madame Popot heard by chance of her sister's troubles, and she went off at once to Louvain. She bustled about the poor little lodging, and finally brought mother and daughter home with her.

It was a hard trial for mother and daughter to be dependent. At first La mère Jacqueline had shed bitter tears as she looked at her useless hands and thought over Fifine's future. But comfort came to her. Fifine said her mother got it from gazing at the great tower of the Cathedral, and listening to the sweet music of the chimes. By degrees the sad weariness left Jacque-

line's eyes, and her cheerfulness returned; listen to her now, as she smiles after Fifine:—

"It is le bon Dieu who has laid this on me," she murmurs; "if I am only patient, good must come. Perhaps it is sent that I may not worry about Fifine. Ah, me! and I thought I could provide for her better than her Father in heaven could, my precious Fifine."

Fifine's smile has faded sooner than her mother's has. As soon as she is in the crowd and bustle of the quay her face clouds over. All the sunshine has departed from her bright young eyes and lips.

A group of men are resting while they unload a barge: they smile at Fifine, and one or two address a compliment to her, but she passes on. She is deaf and blind to-day to all but the thought that troubles her.

For she has heard Madame Popot whisper to La grosse Margotin that it is all settled, that Monsieur Dusecq is coming on Sunday to be presented to la petite.

"Oh, but it is too hard. I laughed this morning when Margotin said I was in haste to marry. I thought she joked, but I am only sixteen, and Monsieur is sixty. Margotin says so—and he is a stranger. I do not know if I like him or not."

Fifine leaves off crying. She has a spirit, though her blue eyes are so soft and lovely; and as she thinks of La grosse Margotin craning her long hideous throat so as to hear la tante's confidences, she could gladly dip her ugly head into her own washtub.

"I hate her," the girl says passionately. She does not think of extending her vengeance to Madame Popot.

La tante talks and scolds, and domineers, but she is good at heart, Fifine thinks, and then "what has she not done for la pauvre chère mère? Ah, yes, she is good."

II.

HALF-PAST two—three-quarters—then three strokes from the great clock of the

Cathedral, and each time the chimes play different music; some mournful, some sprightly, but none so plaintive as the little melody that rang out when Fifine went away.

Madame Popot has put out her last bucketful on the fresh green grass—she comes in panting with heat. Instead of going back to La grosse Margotin and the rest, she steps up the one step that raises the sitting-room above the level of the yard.

"Ah ça, La mère Jacqueline, I have a fine bit of news for thee."

"For me?" A faint flush comes with the smile on the crippled woman's face.

"Yes — chut, chut." Fat, round Madame Popot looks over both shoulders to be sure the gossips of the washtub are safe at work, and then she stoops, as much as nature permits, over her little sister. "How wouldst thou like Fifine to have a home of her own, with place for thee and to spare?"

"Ah, no; how can that be?" Then the poor woman checks her eager delight: she fears it may seem ungrateful to sister Popot.

"But yes, yes, I say," and Madame nods her head repeatedly, for it has somehow got into the mind of the well-to-do laundress that because her sister has lost the power of movement, it is easier to her to comprehend pantomime than mere unassisted speech, and Madame Popot has in consequence adopted a fashion of nodding her head, stamping with her feet, and pointing with her fingers, which would make her a really useful assistant in a deaf and dumb asylum. She raises one fat finger impressively while she announces her news.

"Jacqueline, I have a husband for the little one. Monsieur Dusecq, the chef of the Hôtel de Grue, has announced his pretensions to the hand of my niece Josephine."

Madame Popot's cheeks puff still larger and pinker with conscious triumph.

"Monsieur Dusecq!" the mother's faint voice trembled. "But, Elise, Monsieur Dusecq must be old, too old for Fifine."

Madame Popot stamped both feet,

shook her head, and wrung her hands, as if, like a clockwork toy, she had been wound up and set all agoing at once. She was not angry; she only wanted to signify annihilation to her sister's objection.

"Tah, tah, tah, my poor Jacqueline! And tell me then a little who that is young and rich is likely to marry a beggar like Fifine? I do not mean to pain thee, my sister—but I do not save money, I spend all I earn. If I die first, what then will happen to thee and the poor child, who is too weak to work with a mistress who would consider her strength less than I do? Allons, Jacqueline, what are then a few years? To my taste a man at Monsieur Dusecq's age is charming; he is calm, equable, he has no youthful extravagances, and he knows how to treat a woman. He will worship Fifine, and make her as happy as a princess. Allons, let us have a little common sense in this matter."

Jacqueline sighed, but she saw the truth of Madame Popot's words. Fifine was but a child, and free from any attachment; how happy it would be to see her released from the need of hard work or pressing care for the rest of her life.

Before Madame Popot went back to the wash-house the mother had promised to aid Monsieur Dusecq's suit, and not to listen to any objections which Fifine might bring against him. And in making this promise the poor crippled woman thought only of her darling Fifine; she had grown too resigned to her own state to wish to change it. "Fifine is so good," she said to herself, "she cannot help being happy if she is loved; and Elise is much wiser and cleverer than I am."

Meantime Fifine had reached the end of the quay; here she turned to the right, and crossing the bridge over the canal, took her way to the Porte des Capucins, a quaint, square stone building, with an arched gateway in the middle and round towers at the angles, capped by black conical roofs, recalling the time when Spanish customs were universal in

Flanders. At this gate the town made a sudden ending; there was no attempt at a suburb outside the walls, a row of lime-trees circled the dry moat, and under their shade Fifine walked slowly along, balancing her bucket on her shoulder.

About a quarter of a mile and she reached the river, with high sloping grassed banks backed by lime-trees. In two or three places there were flights of rough wooden steps reaching down into the water. Fifine went mechanically down the first of these, and kneeling on the lowest step, spread some of her linen on a board secured to the bottom of a post, and proceeded diligently to soap it. Margotin would come presently and help her beat it. She had taken two bits of wood out of her bucket ready to beat her work when a fish-line came tumbling into the water beside her. Fifine left off soaping, and glanced up the line. Looking down on her were a pair of the darkest, brightest eyes she had ever seen. There was doubtless a face and a body also, but Fifine only saw the eyes, and the glance they gave her full of open intense admiration; she blushed, and her little fair head bent down over her work.

The river water was cool and fresh, but Fifine's hands felt on fire. The soap slipped from her fingers. Never had she found washing so tiresome as to-day. Finally, a shirt, the last left, escaped from her hands, and floated out into the river.

"Ciel!" cried Fifine, and then began to cry, for she knew how deep the water was, and how impossible it was for her to attempt to rescue the shirt.

It floated merrily on, making an acquaintance with water-weeds and some dragon-flies which were darting at sharp angles over the surface of the water, when suddenly the shirt came to a full stop.

"Ha! ha! ha!" in a ringing peal of laughter from the bank above, and Fifine looked up hopefully.

"Voilà, Mademoiselle;" and as the fisherman pulled in the line he had thrown so dexterously, Fifine saw to her

joy that the shirt was coming along with it floating rapidly to her feet. She was so glad, so inexpressibly thankful, that she stood there like a dumb girl, only clapping her hands in mute ecstasy. She heard a little scramble on the bank above, and there was the fisherman close beside her, knee-deep in the water, while he carefully extricated his hook from the linen.

"Voilà, Mademoiselle," and he laughed joyously as he handed the shirt up to Fifine; "it has made a little voyage, that is all."

When she found the shirt in her hands again, Fifine's wits came back.

"Ah, Monsieur, thank you so very much; you do not know how glad you have made me, for la tante must have restored the value of this garment, and do we not already owe her too much. Ah, but, Monsieur, I can never thank you enough."

"Yes, yes, it is nothing;" but somehow the fisherman's tongue had grown embarrassed, he stood looking at Fifine, and Fifine stood blushing. She rolled the shirt up and let it unroll itself again. She had forgotten all about her washing.

"Ah ça, Fifine, where art thou then?" came in a shrill voice from the steps further up the river. It was the voice of La grosse Margotin.

Fifine started so suddenly that her companion caught her by the arm.

"Pardon, Mademoiselle," the young man said, "I was afraid you would fall into the water."

Fifine looked up shyly.

"And if I had you would have fished me out with your hook, would you not?" and she laughed and blushed. "But I must go now, Monsieur; I have not thanked you much, but I am very grateful."

The fisherman had let go her arm, but the touch had restored his self-possession.

"Mademoiselle, I deserve no thanks, but if you think differently will you tell me your name?"

"Josephine le Duc, but they call me Fifine."

"I thank you, Mademoiselle Fifine,"

and before she could prevent him he had raised her bucket and was carrying it up the bank.

He was at the top of the steps holding out his hand to help her when she came up them.

"You will let me say *au revoir*, will you not? You must come here to wash, and I must also fish; it is possible," he said simply, "you may again be glad of my fish-hook."

Fifine smiled. She felt strangely glad and happy; she forgot all about her aunt's whispers and Margotin's hints. It seemed to her that she had found a brave, strong friend to take care of her and of her mother, but she felt very shy again when she asked his name.

"Michel Van Oorst."

The sight of La grosse Margotin hurrying along the river-bank in search of her put a sudden end to Fifine's happiness.

"Bon jour, Monsieur," and then she made a little curtsy, and ran away with her bucket.

There had been no harm in talking to Monsieur—why, she had only thanked him, and yet Fifine felt heartily glad that the fat gossiping woman was still looking along the river-bank for her. Plainly she had passed overhead without glancing down the steep bank.

"Margotin, Margotin," she cried, and at last the great woman turned her ugly face over her shoulders.

"Alas!" she said, as Fifine came up to her, "where hast thou been hiding, little one? Wasting time, I'll be bound, the time for which thy good aunt pays thee."

Margotin shook her deep starched cap-frill at the little maiden. She was Madame Popot's forewoman, and she did not approve of poor relations; she considered they were best provided for in the *Asyle*, or the *Maison des Pauvres*.

III.

MONSIEUR DUSECQ stands before his small looking-glass, while he gives a finishing touch to his beard and whiskers.

He is not wanting in good looks of a pippin-faced description. His head is so round and hard-looking, that one fancies it might serve as a cannon-ball; his small bright eyes twinkle with intelligence, and he is proud of his Roman nose. He is best with his hat on, for though his beard and moustaches are fairly luxuriant, the hair has deserted the top of his head for his chin; and he has not much more than one sees on a baby a fortnight old. Still, if he had been six inches taller, and had not walked with his legs quite so wide apart, Monsieur Dusecq would, undoubtedly, have had an imposing presence; and as his looking-glass was too small to reflect more than half of his face at once, he perhaps estimated his general effect by the size of his nose, and felt majestic.

He had taken extra pains with himself on this Sunday, and he smiled as he crossed the Grande Place, on his way to Madame Popot's.

As he went over the bridge leading to the quay, Monsieur Dusecq looked troubled, stopped, and took a pinch of snuff; thereupon he sneezed, and blessed himself devoutly.

"A good omen," he said, and his face cleared again into its usual broad inexpressiveness. "I was just asking myself why I, Alphonse Théophile Dusecq, should trouble myself to take a wife, just because I have been charmed with the face of a fresh young girl; but this is a good omen, and besides, I am expected. Allons, it is too late to draw back now."

Madame Popot stood in the archway waiting for him, and there was scarcely room for the elaborate bows and curtsy of the round comfortable pair.

They found La mère Jacqueline sitting up in her chair, her head almost out of sight in one of Madame's lace caps. She looked very pale and nervous at the sight of Monsieur Dusecq.

Fifine came in presently, very fair and pretty in her starched pink frock, but she kept her eyes on the ground, and did not speak.

"Monsieur Dusecq," Madame Popot spoke slowly, and with dignity, "this is

my niece, Josephine le Duc. Josephine, I have the honour to present you to Monsieur Dusecq."

She took Fifine's hand, and placed it in that of the chef. Monsieur bent solemnly over it, and touched it with his bearded lips. Almost unconsciously Fifine drew her hand away, and rubbed it against her pink skirt.

"Nasty old man, I hate him!" and tears of anger came into her pretty blue eyes. At that moment the remembrance of the young fisherman was very present to Fifine.

Monsieur Dusecq did not stay long, he thought it would be unwise; and as Fifine did not offer her hand when he went away, he contented himself with a most profound bow over the hat clasped between his hands.

Fifine did not look at her mother while Madame Popot went to the entrance with the visitor. There was silence in the little room till the aunt came back.

"Ah, my little jewel! It is then arranged, and now we have only to see about the wedding clothes."

Tears of satisfaction stood in the good fat woman's eyes, and she hugged the young girl closely. "Go to thy mother, little one, and let her too wish thee joy."

Fifine went silently up to her mother, and knelt down before her, while La mère Jacqueline kissed her forehead. There was a set grave look in the girl's face, but no sorrow. She seemed far more composed than the poor crippled woman, whose face twitched uneasily, and a painful flush rose on her cheeks.

"I am going to the Cathedral, my mother," said Fifine: "Monsieur le Curé gives a sermon at eight o'clock;" and she went away.

"Elise," said the faint sweet voice of the cripple, "he is too old—we are asking too much of the child."

IV.

It had grown dusk by the time Fifine was ready to start, for she did not put on her cloak with its black falling hood

as soon as she reached her bedroom. She shared this room with her mother, so that she rarely knew the luxury of being alone in it. And till this last week Fifine had never wished to be alone; she had shared every thought with her darling suffering mother. But that happy time was over. She fell against the bed and cried bitterly. "What can I do?" sobbed the poor child; "when my mother said I should be happy with this man, I said, 'Yes, I am willing,' for I saw she wished me to say so; but oh, he is not a man—he is an ogre, an ugly little monster, whom I detest."

Her slender body quivered with disgust and dread—she felt helpless—she had promised her mother, and how could she unsay her words—how could she offend La tante Popot?

Three-quarters past seven went the chimes, and Fifine started up; she washed her swollen disfigured face—for even so pretty a face as Fifine's is spoiled by tears—smoothed her rich hair back into its natural waves, pulled the hood of her cloak down to her eyes, and set out for the Cathedral.

Try as she would, Fifine could not help comparing Monsieur Dusecq with the young fisherman, Michel Van Oorst. She had seen him again yesterday and the day before, and her cheeks flush red under her hood, as she thinks over their meetings. They did not say much, but how sweet it had been to stand under the lime-trees, and feel that Michel was looking down at her, with his beautiful dark eyes. He was so tall and strong, and yet he spoke so gently.

"The world is so unjust," said poor Fifine, as she hurried along; "why is Michel only a poor fisherman? and why is that hateful old man rich?"

When she reached the Cathedral, she found it in darkness, but she knew the service was to be in the chapel of Our Lady, just behind the high altar, and she groped her way there. She found a few old women sitting and kneeling on some chairs placed round a small pulpit. Fifine knelt on the stones before the altar, almost prostrating herself in her grief and despair. She heard some clank-

ing footsteps, but she did not look round, and when Monsieur le Curé appeared at the foot of the altar, everybody knelt down too.

It was a very simple service in Flemish, with a prayer or so in Latin, and then the priest bade his listeners search out the sins of the past day while he kept silence. Poor Fifine's heart beat tumultuously in the awful darkling silence, for no lamp was lighted.

The service was ended, the sacristan mounted into the pulpit, and lighted a solitary tallow candle. He came down again, and the priest took his place.

"My children," said the Curé, "I am going to talk to you of happiness." A strong sob broke from Fifine, she had come to church for help in her misery, and oh, what torment to hear of happiness, which she was never to know any more!

In the silent vast darkness the sob echoed strangely; a young man who sat near looked hard at Fifine, and the preacher came to a full stop.

"My children," his voice was very tender now, "it is possible that some among you do not know in what happiness consists. I am going to instruct you. If we seek for happiness, as happiness only, we shall never grasp it, it will lead us on in a vain pursuit, as the butterfly leads the child; and if, indeed, at last we grasp that which we fancied such a prize, what is it? It is like that same butterfly crushed in the hand—its beauty and its lustre have departed. But stay, my children, do not go away with the notion that happiness does not exist; happiness will come to those who do not seek it—it will come in the paths of duty and self-sacrifice; tread them with courage and perseverance, I beseech you, and the sharp flints of the road shall turn to roses beneath your feet. Fix your eyes on the Great Example of self-sacrifice—your dear Lord, Who suffered that you might enjoy all the bliss of heaven. Nail every selfish wish, every proud self-pleasing thought, to the cross, and you shall find peace in its everlasting arms."

Fifine did not hear any more, her sobs ceased, she hid her face between her hands and prayed. She had come to

the Cathedral for help, and it was sent to her; if she sacrificed herself for the sake of her mother, then she must be happy. Ah! but this was doing what Monsieur le Curé had said was not to be done. She must do her duty simply without regard to what might happen afterwards, and who knew? She might not live long, and then Monsieur Dusecq would always be good to her mother. A sudden scraping of the chairs as they were turned round, and there was everybody kneeling for the priest's blessing.

Monsieur le Curé gave it, then he blew out the candle, and the Cathedral was once more in darkness—inky black now.

Fifine followed the old woman who had been sitting beside her, but as she dipped her fingers in the holy water stoup, she felt that some one pushed forward to do it at the same moment. She was soon clear of the little group of worshippers, and then she found that a tall man was walking beside her, matching his pace to hers.

She could not see his face, for there was only one lamp at the farthest corner of the street; but she was not frightened, she knew it could only be Michel.

"Mademoiselle Fifine," he whispered, "what is it that troubles you? Has any one been vexing you? Tell me, and they shall never vex you again."

Fifine had forgotten Monsieur Dusecq; her heart swelled with happy triumph. The brave fellow! what was he not ready to do for her sake? And then a sudden thrill made the swelling heart collapse with a sigh of pain.

"Thank you," she said, trying vainly to steady her voice, "you are very kind, but you cannot help me."

A deadly chill crept over her; if she could only have died just now on her knees in the Cathedral!

"I can, I must!" the young man spoke firmly. "Fifine, I came to church to-night because my heart told me you would be there. I could not sleep last night—I felt that I could not live unless I told you I love you! And you will love me, will you not, my angel?"

They were alone in the dark silent

street, and he clasped his arms round her. Fifine drew herself away, trembling violently.

"Ah no, you must not—I must not talk to you at all; I am promised, I shall soon be married."

"Promised — married!" they had reached the end of the street; he caught her arms and drew her under the lamp—"ah, Fifine, you who look so innocent, so truthful, why did you not say this yesterday? Why did you give me hope?"

"Oh, let me go, let me go," sobbed the poor child; "I did not know—I was not promised yesterday."

But Michel would not let her go. His anger came in a tempest that hindered words. He did not believe her—he would not.

This girl, with the innocent face and childlike ways—this girl, who seemed to him so pure and guileless, that in the daylight he had shrunk from telling his love for her—had then come down to the river-side to amuse herself and to lead him on, while she was promised to some richer lover.

He spoke at last roughly: "What is this? What treachery is this? It is impossible!"

Just now Fifine had longed to flee away and get anywhere from the temptation of Michel's presence, but she could not leave him in anger against her.

"Michel," she had never called him so before, and the word thrilled across the young man's sternness, "won't you be calm, won't you listen a moment? Why are you so cruel when I am so miserable?"

She broke down here, her sobs came fast and choked her; but they did not move Michel as they had moved him in the church. He let go her arms.

"I can listen, but, Mademoiselle, if you are promised to some one else it is not well that you should be seen talking to me."

The blood flew up in Fifine's forehead. Was it possible that Michel could love her, and yet speak such cold insulting words?

"I love him too much to be angry,"

thought the poor child; "and who knows if I shall ever speak to him after to-night? If it is a sin to love him, then it is better to die, for it is a sin I cannot conquer."

"I must talk to you, I will not let you go till you see I am not false."

He bent down and looked at her: her hood had fallen back, the light fell on her golden head and her soft blue eyes swimming with tears, but they were full of earnestness too; and again the strong power of his love sent Michel almost distracted.

"Ah, Fifine, if you teach me to believe in you, it makes it harder to give you up."

Poor little Fifine! her lover's words seemed to offer her a new means of self-sacrifice—she stood thinking.

"It must always be right to tell the truth," she said, simply, "let what will come. I did know something, that first day I met you down at the river, Michel, but I did not love you then."

The young man's heart gave a bound at these words: he drew nearer to Fifine.

"I had heard my aunt whisper with her women about me and about—about Monsieur Dusecq." Michel moved away, "Then I heard nothing more—no one spoke to me except La grosse Margotin, and she is a chatterbox," said the poor child with sudden petulance, "and I saw you again, and I forgot everything."

Michel caught her two hands and kissed them passionately, then with a sudden impulse he kissed her lips.

Fifine looked sad. "Ah no, you must not, you make me see I am wrong in telling this to you; but how can I know what I ought to do? I cannot ask my mother. I dare not tell her. I have promised to her that I will marry this horrible man, and yet it is only she who can tell me what is right to do."

Fifine pulled her hands away and hid her face; it seemed to her that her heart was breaking, and yet she dared not vent her misery to Michel. She feared to make him more violent than he was already. Love is the most rapid of all teachers. Already this poor little

ignorant Flemish maiden knew, as by instinct, that if Michel were urged on he was capable of some desperate action.

"Your mother cannot tell you what is right. She must be a wicked woman to make you promise to marry a man you dislike. Such a promise counts for nothing, *Fifine*."

He spoke in a strange hoarse voice, and the girl shrank away to the edge of the pavement.

"My mother is not wicked. It seems to me now that I was wicked to promise, but I do not know. Did you not hear, Michel, what Monsieur le Curé said about self-sacrifice?—no, no, do not talk, listen: only this afternoon my mother told me she wished me to marry. She said, if anything happened to La tante Popot, I should be left in this world without a friend."

"And you could promise to give yourself to a man you do not love for the sake of food and clothes, fine clothes no doubt? It is always so." Michel ground his teeth savagely.

She shook her head sadly, it seemed to the little girl at that moment that she was older than the tall strong man beside her: all her youth felt chilled by this dreadful doom of separation, and while she stood there looking up at Michel the warm tide of feeling came back, and she longed to be in his arms again, close to his throbbing heart. Its hard fierce beating had frightened her—it had been such a new strange sensation. She had panted to be set free, but now it seemed to *Fifine* that if she belonged to Michel no one could dispute his right to her. Not M. Dusecq or her aunt or—and with the thought of her mother a sharp revulsion came to the delicious tide of passion. Michel could never have a right to her if she chose him in disobedience to her mother. The struggle which has taken minutes in telling was soon over. Her eyes drooped, and she pulled the black hood again over her little fair head.

"You do not yet understand," she said. "I know now I ought not to have promised—but, Michel, I thought only of my mother—if you could know my

mother! and she is crippled, helpless, and never complains. What am I in comparison that I should choose my own happiness and leave her to starve? And stop," for he tried to interrupt her, "you had not said you loved me—it was very hard to promise, but I only thought it was hard for me. I never thought you could have so much love for a little thing like me."

"Had you ever seen this man till today?" Michel's voice was again hard and suspicious—*Fifine* shook her head. "Well, then, I tell you you are deceiving yourself," he said bitterly; "if you had found this man young and handsome instead of a gross little monster, you would have accepted him with joy, and if you had come to church to-night it would have been to offer up thanksgiving, not to pour out your sorrow."

Fifine raised her head and looked up at her lover. The tears had dried, the blue eyes were bright and fearless now.

"My love is truer than yours, Michel. I could not doubt you. I am very ignorant and foolish, but it seems to me I must keep my promise; but oh, Michel, indeed I will never love M. Dusecq, I will only love you!"

A wild joy shone in Michel's eyes, and then he looked sad again. "My child, my darling, you must not marry him; that would lead us both into sin, *Fifine*. You must go home now, but first you must promise to keep yourself only for me—if your mother is like you, my angel, she will be satisfied with the poor home I can give her."

Once more he clasped *Fifine* in his arms, but this time there was far more of deep tenderness in his heart.

"You promise," he whispered, so fondly, and the girl trembled and sobbed in his arms. Only for an instant.

"I dare not promise," she answered; "let us both pray that this marriage may not be accomplished." She slipped down on her knees, still holding his hand; Michel hesitated, and then he knelt beside her to the gaily-painted shrine overhead. After a few moments they rose up, gave each other one long clinging kiss, and parted.

To be continued.

ENGLISH PHYSIQUE

BY F. NAPIER BROOME.

WHATEVER may be the social and political progress of events in future ages, there can be no doubt that this century will always be memorable as a great seed time in the world's year. The plough of reform turns a broad and deep furrow; golden grain, which, by a sure law, will one day bear a thousand-fold, is dropped therein by careful husbandmen; and, when the harvest ripens, the historian who has the ambition to declare himself lord of it will thrust his sickle into thick and well-eared corn. But, if he does his task thoroughly he will find that those whom he comes after have given him more to do than to gather of one sort. Though political affairs remain the staple of history, we may be sure that its science, already so extended, will, by the time we anticipate, have developed and widened until it presents in due proportion a view of all the aspects of national existence. The distinguished writer we allude to will refer effects, which we cannot guess at any more than we can guess at his name, to causes which we pass by as we may to-day have passed by his ancestor in the street. With retrospective eyes he will discern signs of the times which we are blind to, he will trace back tempests to clouds no bigger than a man's hand, and fair weather to some change of wind which seems now of little moment, but which may by-and-by unveil a whole heaven.

The reason why we have raised this unborn historian from the dead is, that we are very forcibly reminded of him by the several phenomena which we propose to include in the title of this article, and which are of those thousand things whose bearing and outcome will be very simple to him, but may not be perfectly understood by us. Perhaps long before his book is written,

volunteer reviews and university rowing matches will be no more. But though they may not exist by their names, we may be sure that the martial and athletic instincts which are their essential soul will have suffered transmigration, not death. We may be sure that the moral and physical causes to which they owe their growth, after having been for a certain time refined and strengthened and collected by throwing off these preliminary manifestations, will, either in action or reaction, enter into the life of the nation and contribute to its future. The Volunteer movement, for instance, may one of these days, and indeed is now, become a most powerful agent of military reform. Every one who believes in the gradual amelioration of the social and political conditions of life must consider that the maintenance of large standing armies, so far from being conformable to the eternal fitness of things, is in jarring discordance with even the civilization of the present day, and no thinker can doubt that at some far time a barrack-full of horse soldiers, or a permanent camp of riflemen, will have become an obsolete barbarism. When these things have passed away, the beginning of their end may be traced to the first rise of that citizen-army which, comparatively without pay or bounty, holds together from year to year, and is gradually teaching the mass of Englishmen the use of the rifle in much the same way in which their ancestors were taught the use of the cross-bow. It must be remembered too, that the Volunteer system is all the more significant because it is moving side by side and in the same direction with many other influences. As our colonies grow able to take care of themselves, the regular troops are drawing homeward; wars of aggression are becoming impos-

sible, and even now it may be said that our standing forces are the army of India rather than the army of the British Empire. Volunteering as yet has not developed any political phase, but we do not think it will go on long without doing so. Rifles and the suffrage are now in the hands of the people—the first as much of a trust as the last; and the responsibilities bestowed with them cannot fail to be felt. Bearing arms must gradually impress the masses with a sense of dominance which will give them an increased confidence in themselves, and will result in increased and more vigorous action. We say this without in any way objecting to the army as it exists at present for our present needs, but only conjecturing that the Volunteer system is one of the later shoots of that tree which is called Reform, or Freedom, or Civilization, which is striking its roots to the heart of the earth, whose boughs are filling all the sky, and whose fruit will one day feed the desire of all nations, delivering them from their ancient oppressions, and, not least among the number, from the oppression of maintaining in idleness armies of men who neither toil nor spin.

But if it is only a supposition that the economic citizen army will some day and somehow modify the expensive system of regular forces, it is a certainty that Volunteering has already produced many more immediate if more general results. We may be sure that these are, though we cannot place a finger upon this or that, and say we have to thank the free legions for it. When a man eats food, we know that it nourishes his body, though we cannot trace it to its precise effects in any feature or limb; and so we know that such a movement as this cannot have gone on in our midst for ten years without influencing the national mind permanently and profoundly. Who could have seen perhaps a hundred thousand people gathered together on the Sussex Downs last Easter Monday without resting assured that the day's display testified to a great though dif-

fused result? All united action tends to induce a sense of larger interests than the ends and aims of individual existence, and that review must have impressed not only the actors, but the multitude of spectators, in some dim and indistinct way, with the fact that each man stands in a double relation to life, as a unit having a separate and specific value, and as a figure placed in the graduated sequence of a great total. Above all, we believe that the whole machinery of Volunteering, its uniforms, drills, rifle-competitions, and reviews, are continually teaching, not only the Volunteers, but the general public, the value of organization. All Volunteers must take back with them into ordinary life a great deal more than a certain amount of skill in rifle-shooting; if they reflect at all, they must take back the knowledge that the mass of mankind require organization to elicit their strength not only for military but also for political and social purposes; and though they may not understand how to adapt this truth to the conditions of common life, at least they will know that it is to their own interest to subordinate themselves to any action taken upon it by their leaders. No one who was upon the Sussex Downs this Easter could fail to be struck by the suggestive contrast between the straggling crowds of spectators who disfigured the ground, and the regiments and brigades, obeying orders and moving compactly, who adorned it. Noticing this, our own thought was that, before civilization could reach its climax in any nation, that nation must be socially and politically clothed and armed on a simple and thorough system. It must be under efficient command; there must be no stragglers and idlers; the masses must wield the power; the arms, the bullets, and powder must be in the hands of the rank and file, and yet there must be no anarchy, but order and obedience; the duties of every class must be clearly defined and allowed;—in a word, every man must be as part of an intelligent machine, working with regularity and precision, but with a

heart in, and a comprehension of, his labour. All this is far off; but such a seemingly simple and isolated phenomenon as the Volunteer movement may be a link in the chain of events, a cause whose effects become causes in their turn, until some great result is reached.

Whatever difference of opinion may exist as to the slower and more hidden results of this manifestation of English physique, even those who consider it to be merely a temporary matter, and will allow it no point of contact at which there is a passage of vital force, a virtue that goes out from it and enters the body politic, ministering in some way to its ills and wants—even those who regard it as a very minor sign of the times, and with an eye altogether devoid of speculation—are sufficiently aware of its immediate significance and benefit to take heed to it and do homage to it. We watched the marching past of the 26,000 at Brighton, and it appeared to us that at least five-sixths of them were very young men, whose ages must have averaged much under thirty years. Too much cannot be said in favour of a pursuit which provides healthy and innocent amusement for the youth of our cities. They reap a double advantage; they have the positive gain of so much fresh air and exercise, and are saved the positive loss which they would suffer were they left to fall back upon theatres and billiard-rooms for their recreation. Without demonstrating it in a detailed way, it is evident enough that Volunteering is, and has been, a great physical and moral saving to the nation. Without a doubt, it has stemmed to a certain extent the evil and enervating luxury and dissipation which the civilization of our time has poured abroad. We believe that it and kindred pursuits are a protest against, and a reaction from, the unhealthy life which was fast becoming a condition of existence to the middle classes of our towns. They witness that the cheap and low gratifications which in this Babylon-the-Great compete at every turn for the time, the money, the health of our population, have not been found sufficient, and that

a great body of young men have rebelled against the routine of a highly-wrought civilization in favour of more laborious but fresh and primitive pleasures, which are as old as the world. Every year of the last few decades has lacquered the surface of life with another artificiality, but now our youth have gone back with enthusiasm to the contests in arms and physical skill which Plato long ago made part and parcel of his subtle and ideal philosophy, but which the nineteenth century was attempting to put away as though they were childish things, retarding the development and preventing the application of intellectual schemes for the improvement of the race.

We believe that as regards actual military efficiency the Volunteer army has reached a very high standard, one which has in more than one respect put to shame the regular forces. To begin with, there is more bone and muscle in their bodies, and intelligence in their minds; they are cleaner, healthier, handsomer men to look at. Let any one who doubts this, and who saw the marching past at Brighton, go down to Aldershot and watch the regiments of the Line as they pass before the saluting-post: these do not, and it stands to reason that under the present system they cannot, come of as good raw material as the Volunteers, and the difference is perceptible after drill and discipline have done their utmost. On Saturday afternoons there are usually some kilted companies to be seen at exercise in Hyde Park, and it has often been our pleasure to watch them. As the summer goes on their marching improves, they fall into square and prepare to receive cavalry less confusedly and clumsily; yet at the best they are but recruits; there is a certain desultoriness in their manœuvring which wears away very slowly. Nevertheless they fill us with admiration; they are the free soldiers of a free country, and it seems to us a fit and a proper thing that the soil they stand on should have such defenders.

To pass from sentiment to criticism, it strikes us at once that such men as these,

half-drilled as they are, would be invaluable to a general who knew how and when to avail himself of the high qualities which they possess, and which no drill can impart. For purposes of skirmishing, and fighting in which a regiment is not a mere loading and firing machine, in which individual capacity and presence of mind are all in all, Volunteers would indeed be another arm. The regular soldier cannot separate himself from his system, as witness the war in New Zealand, the history of which should be printed and placed in every regimental library as an anticlimax to Napier's volumes. That lamentable campaign brought out all the imperfections of our costly army, and we do not think it has been laid to heart and profited by as it might have been; but, whether it has or no, this is certain, that the Queen's troops failed miserably for want, not of that drill and discipline which they vaunt so highly, but of that faculty of individual thought and action which it seems the whole object of the regular system to obliterate, and which in some day of need nearer home may happily, thanks to the Volunteers, not be found as fatally wanting.

It must not be forgotten that, strange to say, the Volunteers are finer marksmen than the troops. We believe that were chance companies from each body matched together the former would prevail; but at any rate there is no doubt that before a picked party of Volunteers the pick of a hundred regiments would shoot small indeed. If Wimbledon witnesses to this, Brighton can witness to their power of enduring fatigue. Thousands of these amateur soldiers rose at we are afraid to say what time in the morning, travelled from London to Brighton, marched to the Downs along several miles of steep and dusty road, marched several miles more to take up position, manœuvred all day, and in the evening returned to Brighton on foot, to London by rail, and to their homes as best they might, and did it all with scarcely a man having fallen out of the ranks. The hardest troops could not have done more, and average troops could not have done as

much. We have no desire to exalt the volunteer at the expense of the enlisted soldier, or to deny that in many respects the amateur is inferior to the professional. For the serried array of a great pitched battle, where all depends upon the compact and swift movement of masses of men, no doubt the former is not qualified, at least at present; but for long-range fighting, for skirmishing, for any duty which depends for its efficient discharge upon individual intelligence, we believe the volunteer if weighed in the balance would not only be found not wanting, but of good metal and full weight. When we also remember that his services are bought by the country, or rather given to it, for a few annual shillings, we should indeed take pride and pleasure in this patriotic manifestation of English physique.

Two more considerations, and we will pass on to another topic. We said at first that if the system of standing armies ever passes away, its departure will probably be owing to some such arming of the nations as that which has been initiated among ourselves in the last decade. This hope is of itself enough to make all good citizens well-disposed to volunteering; and although such great results are not wont to tread close upon the heels of their cause, we must remember that in the meantime there is a spirit of emulation growing up between the military and the Volunteers by which the country is an immediate gainer. The army has been put upon its mettle; instruction in musketry, though still far from what it ought to be, is no longer the farce it was a few years ago; reviews are no longer ordered by rule of thumb, but have become a test of the capacity of the officers, and thus an incentive to them, which they much needed, to devote themselves a little more to the study of higher military science. The army feels that a pressure, heavier year by year, is being put upon it by the Volunteers, and so by the public; and the time may come—who can tell?—when an officer will devote himself to his profession just as seriously and laboriously as a lawyer

or an author, or as any man who fairly earns the bread he eats, the clothes he wears, and the fire that warms him.

Lastly, some have urged as a full apology for the Abyssinian war, that it raised the prestige of England upon the Continent and over the whole world. This may possibly be the case, but if it is so the Continent and the whole world must be very easily imposed upon. Upon the same principle a policeman raises his prestige with a mob when he arrests the smallest boy he can find. Are France and the United States illogical enough to think that, because in this case we cut in two with the sword a diplomatic knot tied by our own bungling, we would be swift with the same sharp remedy if they were implicated? They are not so foolish, they are not so humble. Are we indeed fond enough to think that the world argues from Theodore's matchlockmen to Napoleon's legions, or the armies of the Great Republic? This can hardly be the case, whatever those newspapers may say who wished the other day to raise our prestige a little higher by bullying Greece. Our own opinion, if we may broach one so heterodox to a favourite creed, is, that though the Abyssinian expedition may have raised our prestige with the Imaum of Muscat, in the eyes of the great Powers of the world it remained pretty much what it was. If its shield was dull before, it became no brighter then; but if it is bright before each annual Volunteer gathering, it becomes brighter afterwards. The Volunteer movement is very gravely regarded upon the Continent—is acknowledged to be a token of high national spirit; a token that behind the wooden or iron walls of our navies, the hearts of the people are built, in a wall still more impregnable. Frenchmen remember that their First Napoleon called us a nation of shopkeepers; but lo! we are a nation of soldiers, and one Frenchman may congratulate himself that he has won the game of empire with other cards, for what has so often been called the last trump in his hand has turned out after all to be no trump

at all. This island is peculiarly adapted by its surface configuration to be held against all comers by a popular force, who are skilled riflemen, but have not the drill and precision, and perhaps not the steadiness in open ground, of regular soldiery. No other country in the world is at once so capable of sustaining an immense population, and so well fortified by nature. The network of hedges and ditches and sunken roads, would afford admirable facilities to its defenders; every field is an earthwork, every lane an ambuscade, with our hundred and seventy thousand riflemen, and we may trust that an invading army shall never set its sentinels at the Bank of England. In conclusion, we would ask every Englishman to remember that this citizen-army is one of the good gifts which the present generation is receiving one after the other at the hands of our free institutions. It is to be retained and appreciated on many accounts—because it is a means of healthy recreation and manliness; but chiefly because it is part and parcel of national liberty. It should be valued with the suffrage and with education, and our word to all young Englishmen is—three things are necessary to make you a good citizen: that you should have conscientious political opinions, and the power of expressing them by vote; that by education you should be enabled to exercise this privilege wisely; and that by the bearing of arms, and instruction in the use of them, you should be able to guard it well. This is our word, and our advice is—go and learn your goose-step, wear a uniform, practise rifle-shooting for a year or two, and make one of many thousands on the Downs at Brighton and before the targets at Wimbledon—so shall you have deserved well of your country, and have proved not as one who would selfishly avail himself of every benefit of freedom and civilization which it gives him, giving it nothing in return.

Next in importance to Volunteering as a manifestation of English physique, and one which may also be said to have risen into importance during the present decade, comes the national passion for

athletic sports. The chief instances of this are the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race, and the annual contests in strength of arm and swiftness of foot which take place at various grounds in the metropolis, drawing together many thousand spectators. But if these are the chief, they are not the sole instances, nor one-fiftieth part of the whole. The young men of our day seem to be possessed by a perfect mania for every species of athletic contest. Cricket, which a few years ago was almost the only outdoor game in vogue throughout the country, bears now many brothers near the throne, and its supremacy is disputed by the miscellaneous pastimes grouped together under the name of Athletics. In the "leading organs" are to be found grave and minute reports of these festivals; and those who idly skim over such notices little know how much is implied when it is stated that Mr. Wineasy of the L.A.C. won the strangers' race of one mile at such and such a place, in the excellent time of 4m. 30sec. They are really reading the account of a very stupendous feat, a feat which was probably unapproached in the whole range of the Greek Olympiads, for we very much doubt whether classical pedestrians, considering their strange systems of training, ever attained anything like the same high speed over short distances which is now accomplished. It is true that we read of a Greek carrying the news of a battle more than a hundred miles in twenty-four hours, but a performance of this sort is of a very different nature from those of our running-paths. This celebrated courier may after all have been but slow of foot; such a clipping pace as that of 4m. 30sec. for a mile requires not only special natural powers, but a scientific physical preparation extending over many weeks, and the true principles of this neither the Greeks nor the Romans seem ever to have apprehended. They fattened themselves, they rubbed their bodies with oil to prevent the natural action of the skin, they lived on cheese and other strange

diet, and trained according to different infallible receipts, in vogue at different eras, each of which speaks for itself. We should like to see one of these Olympian heroes toe the scratch for a University hurdle race; we think the nimbleness of the barbarian youths would very much surprise him. It has always appeared to us that at these meetings a great majority of the spectators themselves have very little idea of the difficulty of the exploits they are witnessing. We have heard even young men, who might be supposed to know something about the matter, testify to a most remarkable degree of ignorance; and when some time ago we saw what was probably the finest amateur mile-race that has ever been run, we felt sure not one spectator in a hundred knew he had seen a very wonderful sight, that he had seen a young man do what probably not a hundred persons throughout the whole world could do, that he had seen a rare and supreme manifestation of physical power which in earlier ages would have crowned the Athlete, would have made him almost one of the gods of his country, would have caused him to live in song and story, but which now gives him nothing but a silver cup, and provokes only some spiteful observations about "pot-hunting."

This growing taste for games of physical strength and skill must be placed in altogether a different category from that in which we have classed the Volunteer movement. The latter has already a political significance; it has already given rise to much thought on military affairs, and influenced, directly or indirectly, the military legislation of this Parliament; it has brought home even to the Horse Guards the necessity of popularizing the army, and the remarks on army reform made by Sir William Mansfield at the Literary Fund dinner show that our military administrators are not shutting their eyes to the signs of the times. But the great infusion of physical ardour which during the last few years has developed the lives of young men in a new direction,

is at present of hygienic rather than political import. No doubt, however, it also has bound up within it less immediate but important results; it bears obliquely upon the educational question; it draws attention to the fact, that the training of youth must be at once intellectual, moral, and physical, and that any solution of the problem must prove itself true by containing these three essential elements in exact proportion. The schoolmasters of our day find themselves compelled more and more towards the Platonic method: that philosophy was built upon a true basis, its foundations cannot be moved, and in particular, the importance it assigned to bodily training was no fantastic excrescence, but a pillar supporting its share of the weight of the whole building, a stone laid in its place in the arch. Our schoolboys and the young men of our colleges have taken this matter into their own hands, and, as might be expected, run the risk rather of devoting themselves too much than too little to these physical contests. It now remains for their masters to take cognizance of the new enthusiasm, and to regulate it so that it may not interfere unduly with what they would call education proper. They have not yet done this; but it is their plain duty to do so, to take care that health is not injured and time is not wasted, as it too often is. There are already some symptoms that this conviction is growing upon those whom it concerns; they will by and by awake to it more fully, and we shall see at school and college physical training going hand in hand with moral and intellectual training, and deemed equally worthy of careful regulation and attention.

The great physical revival of our time has added a holiday to the London year; and though it did nothing else, we ought to be grateful to it, and encourage it for that result. The day of the Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race is a great day; the race itself a fine sight; but the people, by their thousands, by their hundreds

of thousands, thronging the river-banks for miles, hanging like bees on Hammer-smith Bridge, waiting for hours to see two boats flash past, form as glorious and as suggestive a spectacle as the world can show. Crowding out of the great city, escaping for an afternoon from a civilization which year by year adds wheel to wheel, and in which their lives are caught and hurried along, they feel the same enthusiasm which long ago, when the Olympiads were, drew away all Greece to the games: and they show us that as man was then, so he is now; that, although the rushing and giant machinery of modern existence demands his thought, his labour, and his life, he is glad to recur, when he can, to the simple pleasures which have pleased his race in all ages, and which a wise Government will foster by all the means in their power. We love to see our young men bearing arms as volunteers or engaging in these athletic contests; and the remarks we have made, desultory as they are, will not have been wasted if they turn the reader's attention to the physical revival of the day, and lead him to consider its political and social, its national importance. When civilization has reached its climax, life will be made easy and luxurious by many appliances and refinements yet undreamed of; but, side by side with the last efforts of human invention and intellect, there will still be these pleasures of the early world to keep men masculine and healthy and natural; and, when this century lies low upon the horizon of time, from the new capitals the people will still stream forth on holidays to see their youth compete for prizes given to the truest eyes, the strongest arms, and the swiftest feet, or, as upon this day, to see a race which may have no Pindar to sing it in verse tuned to the stride of steeds, but whose fleet and glossy horses sweep towards the winning-post with a hundred thousand hearts beating to their gallop.

PRINCIPLES AND PREJUDICES.

"hoc te
Crede modo insanum, nihilo ut sapientior ille
Qui te deridet, caudam trahat."

If the following remarks should seem to any of our readers to border too closely on the region of acknowledged truisms, a little reflection will perhaps satisfy them that the general recognition of a truth does not, as a matter of course, supersede the necessity of enforcing it. But we are disposed to doubt whether the hasty and superficial manner in which these two words—"prejudice," namely, and "principle"—are made use of in the world, *has* ever been properly brought home to the minds of the majority of men. At all events, if it has, the result is only what we see in the cases of those numerous moral duties which everybody allows and nobody ever fulfils. The abuse of these terms is certainly sufficiently prevalent to justify the few pages that we propose to devote to the subject.

It is certain that the majority of mankind employ both of these words with considerable laxity and ambiguity: and, indeed, it will very frequently be found that what men call principles are after all nothing but congenial prejudices, and what they call prejudices only uncongenial principles. Both terms alike represent honest convictions; nor is it an adequate distinction that a prejudice is a belief imbibed without examination, while a principle is one derived from independent inquiry: since this definition, correct as it may be in theory, can never be practically effective in a busy world where the number of men in any one generation who have the leisure for independent inquiry is necessarily exceedingly small. Principles, therefore, must be taken second-hand from those we trust as well as prejudices; and any distinction founded upon the supposed originality of the former must be abandoned as soon as we come within the region of practical casuistry.

In what logicians call necessary mat-

ter, a principle is simply some proposition of which the human intellect is incapable of conceiving the contrary; and we can scarcely call a man prejudiced for believing that the whole is greater than the part. But in all probable or contingent matter wherein propositions are incapable of demonstration and conclusions of certitude, there is hardly any opinion of any sort or kind, however well attested or generally received, which an adversary may not with some show of plausibility stigmatize as prejudice. If the conventional use of this term "prejudice" be pushed to its logical results, the only unprejudiced man will be the man with no opinions at all. But is this the class of man which the railers against prejudice desire to see multiplied in the world? Because, be it remembered, if once this view of the subject be adopted, it cannot be confined within limits. We cannot say that on one set of subjects it is desirable that a man should not have fixed opinions, and on another that he should. That would be an arbitrary distinction which philosophy rejects at once. If we choose to say, *παρα βέλ*, well and good; but then we *must* say *παρα*.

Again, if we say that we don't object to a man's having a set of fixed opinions, whether gotten second-hand or not, but only to his refusal to listen to any adverse arguments, and that this is what we mean when we say that a man is prejudiced, still we are in a difficulty; for, after all, it is but our own assumption that the man does not listen. When we say that this or that person won't listen to reason, all that is meant, ninety-nine times out of a hundred, is, that he does not agree with ourselves. Or we have, forsooth, such an exalted estimate of our own powers of argument, and of the justice of our own cause, that we cannot con-

ceive it possible we should fail to convince an honest listener. But in these cases, are not we ourselves the really prejudiced party?

The fact is, it is high time that this very comprehensive noun should be pared down to dimensions more consistent with modern phraseology. The time has been when your ordinary respectable Englishman would as soon have thought of going abroad without a regular and well-cut set of principles as without his breeches. And nobody dreamed of blaming him for it, or of calling such properties prejudices. The term was then reserved for what was really deserving of reproach. But for the last fifty years this encroaching expression has been rapidly extending its authority into spheres where it has no right of entrance. Prejudice has now become a pluralist, and in this reforming age we wonder it has so long escaped the rage of the enlightened critic.

Our readers, however, are not to suppose from the foregoing observations that we profess ourselves unable to lay down any line of demarcation by which prejudice and principle may be distinguished from each other; or even that we desire to confine the former term to the class of cases we have mentioned. Our own view is rather this, that we ought to use the term with strict reference to the powers of the human intellect; and, withdrawing it altogether from those extended spheres of thought in which, as we have already said, independent investigation is to the large majority impossible, restrict it to those narrower fields of observation in which it is not only possible to, but binding upon, every man to exercise his own reason. In the wide ranges of religion, politics, mental philosophy, &c., we believe the word "prejudice" to be wholly, or almost wholly, out of place. In dealing with social or scientific questions, on the other hand, we are constantly in the presence of errors to which the word may properly be applied. Let us consider this point a little further.

Suppose that a man is a Tory in politics, a High Churchman in religion, a realist in metaphysics, or the contrary

of these respectively—a Whig, a Low Churchman, and a nominalist—he will in either case find plenty of people to impute his opinions to prejudice. The Tory will have his laugh at the whole group of prejudices, as he calls them, which are associated with Hampden and Sidney, with the glorious Revolution, and with the great Reform Bill. The High Churchman will sneer equally at the ridiculous prejudices which make a bugbear of the Pope, and the blind hatred of forms and ceremonies which characterises the Protestant school. The realist will look down with pity on the shallow obstinacy and pert conceit which refuses to look below phenomena, and turns a deaf ear to the assertion that there *are* more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in its philosophy. But the tables are quite as easily turned. The superstition of divine right, the preconceived resolution to see nothing that is not bad in the working of popular institutions, the tenacious adherence to abuses because they are old, are as readily made out to be Tory prejudices, as faith in the Revolution families, the national debt, and the German alliance are made out to be Whig ones. And so with divinity and metaphysics, the Low school can retort upon the High school with equal force and pertinence the human origin of sacerdotalism, and the absurdity of transcendental metaphysics. And who is to decide between them? To be able to give even that provisional answer which may satisfy a man's self, founded simply on the greater probability, demands almost the devotion of a lifetime to historical and metaphysical studies. If we attempt to determine such questions by practical considerations, we plunge into new difficulties. If we say that such and such a creed or theory has done more good in the world than some other, we are directly thrown back upon the definition of the word "good." No; it is certain that the opinions which nine hundred and ninety-nine thousand out of every million of men entertain on these questions *must* be such as it has now become the fashion to call prejudices. They must have been derived

from fathers and mothers and school-masters. But seeing the impossibility of getting them by any other means, our contention is that they ought to be admitted by all sensible men to do duty for principles, and that for the whole of this subject-matter the word "prejudice" should be allowed to drop out of our vocabulary.

There is likewise another point of view from which the incapacity of this term in connection with political and religious considerations is still more plainly visible. In subjects which have been argued out there is no room for that intellectual callousness which refuses to listen to new statements. In progressive sciences the case is different. But the vertebral principles of religion and government are reducible to some three or four, the comparative merits of which have been before the world for three thousand years. Nothing new has been said about any one of them for ages past, nor seems likely to be for ages hence. On these questions, then, men must now patiently await that illumination which is promised us hereafter before they can attain to any greater certainty of judgment. And under these conditions, we repeat, the intellectual callousness or obstinacy which refuses to listen to new arguments can hardly come into play. From this point of view, then, prejudice seems to be a word which is wholly out of place in such company. And it is to be noted in connection with this view of the subject, that the opinions, prejudices, or principles, whichever we choose to call them, of the world at large, are on those important matters fundamentally what they ever were—in politics from the birth of philosophy, in religion from the birth of Christ. Men have ceased to believe in astrology, alchemy, and witchcraft. They have learned to believe in the revolution of the earth and the circulation of the blood. But the progress of the human race in all such matters leaves the old divisions of opinion upon human and divine government what they were in the lifetime of Aristotle. The principle of hereditary monarchy, after passing through a variety

of phases, still survives in full vigour. Aristocracy, oligarchy, plutocracy still have their advocates, and democracy is still attacked and defended exactly as it was at Athens. Not a single new principle of government¹ has been evolved out of the human mind since the publication of the *Politics*.

In the matter of religion our assertion may perhaps be thought too sweeping; and it is difficult to explain what we mean without some appearance of profanity. But even those who impugn the last Revelation from on high do not profess to expect another. So far it is accepted as final. And nobody contemplates any further theological discoveries which shall change our ideas of God, as Judaism first, and Christianity afterwards, changed the ideas of the heathen. For the rest, mankind are still divided as ever into those who acknowledge a mystical element in religion, and those who do not. The former takes many shapes, but the principle at bottom is the same: and what is more, the two parties can only fight each other over and over again with the same weapons. The experience of man can neither amend nor modify the message of God. And scientific objections to the truth of the Bible do not affect the present question at all. The mind which accepts the stupendous mysteries of the Incarnation and Atonement will not be much troubled by the inadequacy of the Israelitish camp to accommodate the Israelitish people. People forget this truth who talk about the unreasonableness of Popery for instance, and profess wonder at the folly of those who at the present day seek to impose on the Church the dogma of Papal infallibility. If you come to that, all religions are unreasonable, and half the dogmas of the Romish creed are incredible. One of the great charms of Mr. Disraeli's writings is his remarkable freedom from all prejudices of this nature; and nothing can be more delightful than the Olympian serenity with which he handles these and kindred topics in his last novel. Supersti-

¹ Representation is not a new principle, it is a different practice.

tion is merely a nickname which rival theologians delight to hurl at one another. All religions appeal from the understanding to the imagination. It is only a question of more or less. To speak of Romanism as *the* representative of superstition is mere prejudice. This of course is not what Mr. Disraeli says: but the mind which placed Cardinal Grandison, Theodora, and Lord Culloden alongside of each other, means that or something like it.

We should observe here that the finality of religious controversies has not escaped the vigilant eye of Lord Macaulay (see his Essay on Ranke). But he has not made the present application of it, nor does he seem to have seen that what he says of theology may for all practical purposes be extended to politics.

Upon all these great questions, therefore, it is not so much that men shut their ears to the reception of new truths, as that there are no new truths to be expected. Most men by the time they are thirty join themselves to one of the two great divisions into which mankind are marked off, and think no more about it. Their choice is regulated often by family influence, often by the clergyman or the tutor, and very often by mere temperament. In the nature of things, it can rarely be regulated by independent thought. Both views of religion and government have stood, they know, the test of long experience; and both have a great deal to be said for them. Neither can be *very* injurious to human happiness; and no man can at any future time conscientiously reproach himself with having adopted either. The political and religious opinions of a man in this frame of mind must, we repeat, be admitted by courtesy to be principles; or else we must find out another word instead of prejudice whereby to designate a wholly different class of prepossessions which are certainly irrational and mischievous.

We have no intention of offering anything like a complete classification of these last. The majority of them appertain either to the physical sciences or to our estimates of life and human

nature. The physician or surgeon who refuses to give a fair consideration to new modes of treatment, or perseveres with the old in the teeth of ascertainable facts, affords perhaps the best illustration of that mixed moral and intellectual vice to which we desire to restrict the use of the word prejudice. But social prejudices are more common, and though not intrinsically so dangerous, are at least equally injurious to the happiness and prosperity of the world. These may be divided roughly into prejudices against classes, prejudices against persons, and prejudices against things.

Of the class prejudices which exist in this country we shall say very little, nor do they afford the best illustration of our meaning: because, although from the highest and broadest points of view, the interests of all classes are the same, yet from lower and narrower points of view they do at least *appear* to differ; and there is consequently large allowance to be made both for those who distrust the people and those who abuse the aristocracy. Each person must here be judged by his opportunities of knowing better; and perhaps it would be found, with regard to this division of our subject, rather difficult to define the point where prejudices end and principles begin. For we often cannot tell how large an element of independent inquiry has contributed to the formation of opinions which we designate as class prejudices. It is quite possible that reading, observation, and reflection may lead a man to precisely the same creed which he imbibed with his mother's milk; and in that case, of course, the second process of acquisition must be held to justify the first. But after all, perhaps, we are here rather wandering from the point; as conclusions of the above kind are likely to partake to a large extent of a political character, and to be without the pale of social questions. There is, however, one prejudice of this class which is an excellent specimen of its kind, and holds its ground with a tenacity which is truly surprising: we mean the prejudice which a certain class of town people entertain against country people, and a

certain class of country people against town people. Our readers may fancy that we are dreaming. But we certainly are not, and did our space permit we could give some amusing instances to the contrary.

Prejudices against persons are usually the result of behaviour which does not commend itself to our own preconceived ideas of what is right and proper. Such are the prejudices which prevail against all irregular modes of life that do not run in recognized grooves. Literature is the most remarkable of these; and a prejudice against literary men is still a trait of English society which evinces great vitality. This is a prejudice which every man could dissipate if he chose; and it is accordingly an excellent instance of the right use of the word. Prejudices against a man who gives up a profession for which he feels instinctively, over and above the evidence of experience, that he is unfitted, are another very common exhibition of the same vice. We dislike a man who kicks over the traces by which we ourselves continue bound. Prejudices of this kind show that narrowness of mind and peculiarly ignoble kind of intellectual pride which is always afraid of making admissions against itself, or indeed practically of allowing the existence of any exceptions at all to any rule whatever, though if men only use their eyes the whole world is full of them. And the worst of this kind of prejudice is that its practical results are contagious. In arguing with a man of this sort the most candid disputant is disabled from making those concessions which, by reducing a question to its first principles, preclude controversy and prevent the useless expenditure of much valuable logic. Prejudices against individuals founded on little tricks of manner are ridiculous when they *are* prejudices: but then very often they are not. If you see a man put his knife in his mouth once, or gobble his dinner like a pig, you may be pretty sure that it is not your inestimable privilege to have seen him do it either for the first time or the last. And such habits violate social laws which rest on too general an acceptance to be

called prejudices. To what extent eccentricity merely, which does not violate any of the laws of good breeding, can be held to justify dislike, is a very nice question of social casuistry. Mr. Peter Magnus didn't like originals; he didn't "see the necessity for them." And we all appreciate the pleasant satire upon priggism which is conveyed by this description. But, on the other hand, these *are* kinds of eccentricity, aversion to which cannot be stigmatized as a prejudice, though it may indicate a certain species of narrowness. On the whole, we should be disposed to say that a keen sense of humour is one's best preservative from falling into prejudices of this nature: and that where a man of humour recoils from a display of eccentricity, the oddness will generally be found either to be the result of affectation, or else really to denote some degree of mental aberration—the one a disgusting, the other a painful, exhibition.

Prejudices against things run into the above, but still they have a separate existence. There are men who think it a sin ever to feel cold; and won't allow you, if they can help it, to approach the fire: others who feel equally strongly on the question of heat, and are much displeased if not allowed to place you opposite a great drawing furnace at every season of the year. Some people, even some families, have a particular way of dressing, a particular mode of shaking hands, a particular way of walking in the street, and think evil, more or less, of all who differ from these fashions; and such persons occasionally have it in their power to make themselves extremely disagreeable. A whole chapter might be written on these traits by themselves, but we have now sufficiently explained the limits we desire to place upon the application of the term "prejudice." To apply it to men's opinions upon great subjects, which, however acquired, are acquired after all by the only means which are open to the vast majority of mankind, is to saddle a common disability with the odium of a special vice; and to shelter the latter behind a plea only proper to the former.

LINES

SUGGESTED BY THE GREEK MASSACRE.

WHITE angels, listening all around
 The terror, wrath, and strife of men,
 For faint heroic notes that sound
 Through the mean tumult now and then,
 What heard ye, that your waiting eyes
 Received such rapture in their calm,
 As if, through common agonies,
 They saw the halo and the palm?
 We only heard the bitter wail
 Of hearts that break, and prayers that fail;
 We only saw the shame, the pain,
 Of England on her knees in vain,
 Pleading for sons ignobly slain;
 A fruitless death, and helpless tears,
 To scar and stain the coming years
 With savage infamy of crime
 Thrust through our tender modern Time.

On this grand soil, which year by year
 Renews its unforgotten bloom
 Of deeds which Time but makes more clear,
 And deaths which nothing can entomb,
 They fell, but did not add a name
 To Earth's broad characters of gold;
 There, in the citadel of Fame,
 They died with nothing to be told,
 While schoolboy memories thronged their ears
 With echoes from the calling years,
 And brought the happy Morning back
 As closed the darkness, cold and black;
 How fair was Life when first they read
 Of these familiar, glorious themes!

The classic ground which holds them, dead,
Was longed for in their Eton dreams,
When links of light bound land to land,
Like comrades clasping hand in hand,
As English youth, athirst for fame,
Caught up the old Athenian flame !

Yet, mourners, on these nameless pangs
Henceforth a new tradition hangs ;
For here, by loftier hopes consoled
Than soothed the Demigods of old,
By angel ministries upheld,
By saints awaited and beheld,
These perished not, but passed from sight
Into the Bosom of the Light.

For us, one tremulous gasp of prayer
Hallows the conquest-breathing air
More than all shouts for heroes spent,
Who died, not knowing where they went ;
Here shall be told, when pilgrims come,

How each his brother strove to cheer,
How tenderly they talked of home,

How they seemed ignorant of fear,
Patient, yet ready for the strife,
While one, the gentlest, turned from life
So sweetly, that no tongue can say
If it was lost or given away ;
And as, where loyal warriors sink,

We, passing by the place, may pause
To think, not of their names, but think
Of their great Leader and their Cause ;
So by this grave and gate of death
Remains the murmur of a breath,
Recalling to the passers by,
Not Marathon, but Calvary.

MENELLA BUTE SMEDLEY.

LOTHAIR.

AMONGST Thackeray's amusing imitations, entitled "Novels by Eminent Hands," is one, "Coddingsby," in which Mr. Disraeli's peculiarities of treatment and style are—we do not say parodied, for they are hardly susceptible of parody, but—felicitously reproduced. On first glancing over the pages of "Lothair," we could not help fancying that some rising humorist had been trying his hand at a satirical production of the same sort. It recalled so vividly the whole class of personages or personations with whom we had been familiarized by "Vivian Grey," "Tancred," and "The Young Duke." There they are again, with their pretension, their affectation, and their finery: the same flashy look, the same hollow ring: never talking or acting as gentlemen and ladies, noble or non-noble, do talk and act; often clever and amusing, but the cleverness forced or misplaced, the amusement purchased by the sacrifice of refinement and taste. Indeed what carries us pleasantly over the ground when the story flags is almost invariably what most militates against the conventional proprieties as well as against the sound laws of fiction, namely, the intermixture of living persons and contemporary events.

On revient toujours à ses premiers amours. We can fully sympathise with Mr. Disraeli when he reverts to the dreams of his youth, many of which have been so splendidly realized, but the wonder is to find him still fascinated by the mere outward appendages of rank and wealth; to see him, after being admitted into the interior of noble and princely houses, still impressed with the belief that there is nothing graceful or attractive, nothing elevating or inspiring, nothing worthy of his genius, beyond their pale. As in the days of "The Young

Duke" and "Tancred," his pet creation in the way of character (if it can be called character) derives its sole interest from the possession of a dukedom or a marquise, halls and castles without end, domains "extending over seven counties and more than one kingdom," an unlimited command of ready money, gorgeous services of plate, caskets of diamonds and rubies, and ropes of pearls.

Lothair, when we come to look closely at him, is positively little better than a painter's *mannequin*, which is draped for a succession of figures and placed in a succession of attitudes without once losing its stiff wooden look. His changes of position or intention are brought about by material or mechanical causes, independent of volition or mind, like the surprises in a melodrama or the tricks in a pantomime. Instead of struggling and showing sport, like Hercules between Virtue and Vice, or Garrick between Tragedy and Comedy, this Nobleman in search of a Religion (which might be the title of the book) is a passive instrument, a mere puppet, in the hands of the cliques or sets amongst whom he is successively thrown. He is a standing contradiction to the Horatian maxim—

"Caelum non animus mutant qui trans mare currunt."

His thoughts and feelings, his moral and intellectual being, are entirely dependent on atmosphere and locality. Divested of his title, broad domains, boundless wealth, equipages, and jewellery, he would resemble Crambo's abstraction of a Lord Mayor without the gold chain, furred mantle, and other ensigns of dignity. Burns has sung—

*"The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's a man for a' that."*

Mr. Disraeli is of a diametrically opposite opinion to Burns. His fondness

for rank is rapidly becoming a mania. He will soon rival Sam Weller, who, when duchesses were scarce, would derogate so far as to put up with a "female markis," provided she were very much in love with him. According to Mr. Disraeli, the feathered creation partake the feeling: "The blue-rock, which was content to die by the hand of a duke, would not deign to be worried by a dog, and it frantically waved its expiring wings, scaled the paling, and died."

As regards plot, again, Mr. Disraeli has made no allowance for the marked advance in novel writing, not excepting the sensational, since his temporary retirement from the business. In this line, at all events, he has not kept pace with the age. He obviously still thinks that the only use of a plot is to bring in fine things: he does not (like Fielding) regard a novel as an artistic composition, a prose epic, in which unity of action is desirable; but heaps improbability upon improbability without hesitation or compunction; and his highest triumph is a brilliant aphorism, which may or may not be in keeping with the dialogue, as the dialogue may or may not be in keeping with the speakers or the place.

The rage for fashionable novels some forty years ago was the subject of one of Mr. Haynes Bayley's songs:—

"Oh, Radcliffe, thou once wert the charmer
Of maids who sate reading all night;
Thy heroes were warriors in armour,
Thy heroines damsels in white.
But past are such terrible touches,
Our lips in derision we curl,
Unless we are told how a Duchess
Conversed with her cousin, the Earl."

This is the taste Mr. Disraeli would fain revive; and the question fairly arises how far he is qualified to gratify it.

Soon after the publication of "The Young Duke," Mr. Disraeli the elder, an excellent simple-minded man of letters, who thought it a *chef d'œuvre*, after expatiating on its success to the late Dean of St. Paul's (Milman), added: "And the wonder is, that my son never spoke to a young duke in his life." This defi-

ciency in his social education has been amply repaired since. He has made one duke: he has caught three or four more, and placed them in a cabinet where they must have been subjected to his observation like bees in a glass case. Some acquaintance with duchesses and their domestic circles naturally ensued, yet it may be questioned whether, with all these advantages of opportunity, his representation of ducal manners and attributes is one whit truer, or more in keeping, than when he speculated as an outsider on the sayings and doings of the titled denizens of Mayfair.

It is pre-eminently true of good society that a man may be in it without being of it: that, either from disinclination or unfitness, he may never blend easily and carelessly with the fastidious circles of the gay world, and may frequent them for years without penetrating below the surface, imbibing their spirit, or appreciating their charm. Mr. Disraeli never feels at home amongst his great people: he takes no real pleasure in their society: he is like the Irishman in the sedan chair with the bottom out, who, if it was not for the dignity of the thing, would as lief walk: there are intervals when, to shake off the feeling of oppressiveness, he sneers at them; whilst the degree of his intimacy is betrayed by slight but sure indications, like the perpetual recurrence of "your Grace." Good breeding and genuine refinement consist in giving to all habitually and instinctively what is socially their due—in neither worshipping nor affecting to despise rank: to do either equally betrays the weakness of thinking too much about it, and Mr. Disraeli does both.

The method by which a man of genius, or artist who has a proper sense of his vocation, sets to work to produce typical or representative characters, is that by which "the mingled beauties of exulting Greece" were combined to produce the Venus. Instead of copying individual limbs or features, he studies what is best or most appropriate in his several models, compares them,

idealizes them, and by the fusing power of imagination moulds his impressions into an harmonious whole. Mr. Disraeli, although indisputably a man of genius, pursues a different method; a method analogous to that of Frankenstein, who constructed a human body out of limbs and features procured by dissection, and, when he had breathed life into it, found that he had created a repulsive caricature of humanity. Or a portrait or drawing from Mr. Disraeli's hand may be compared to a bad mosaic made up of separate bits, by which a disagreeable feeling of discrepancy is produced; whilst the real is so blended with the unreal as to destroy the illusion which it should be the author's especial object to keep up. If he cannot get on without embroidering history, or constructing fairy palaces, or giving entertainments like those in the Arabian Nights, he should date his stories a few hundred years back and lay his scenes a few thousand miles away.

It must be admitted that his peculiar method has the advantage of enabling him to indulge his satirical vein with comparative impunity. It is rarely that his personalities can be brought home, for they are almost always blended with traits not belonging to the presumed object or belonging to more objects than one. Thus, two ducal families are rolled together in order to produce the envied occupants of Brentham and Creey House, and these proud abodes are both described in such a manner as to throw the hunters of identity off the scent. On reading that the Duke lived in a palace built for an heir apparent to the throne who died irretrievably in debt, we thought there could be no doubt about the man; but the personal description clearly indicated another than the late or actual proprietor of the palace:

The Duke, though still young, and naturally of a gay and joyous temperament, had a high sense of duty and strong domestic feelings. He was never wanting in his public place, and he was fond of his wife and his children; still more proud of them. Every day when he looked into the glass, and gave

the last touch to his consummate toilet, he offered his grateful thanks to Providence that his family was not unworthy of him.

Should any covert irony be discovered in this sketch, Mr. Disraeli might urge that he had a right to do what he liked with his own.

The Duke had good reason to be proud of his wife and daughters, who were all alike—"with their aquiline noses, bright complexions, short upper lips, and eyes of sunny light," and all "married to personages of high consideration," except the younger, Lady Corisande, whose beauty was "even more distinguished and more regular, but whether it were the effect of her dark-brown hair and darker eyes, her countenance had not the lustre of the rest, and its expression was grave, and perhaps pensive." The opening scene is laid in the morning-room at Brentham:

These remarks were made in the morning-room of Brentham, where the mistress of the mansion sat surrounded by her daughters, all occupied with various works. One knitted a purse, another adorned a slipper, a third emblazoned a page. Beautiful forms in council leant over frames glowing with embroidery, while two fair sisters more remote occasionally burst into melody, as they tried the passages of a new air, which had been communicated to them in the manuscript of some devoted friend.

The subject of conversation was Lothair, whom none of the young ladies had yet seen. He is an expected guest, and (we need hardly add) the destined lover of Corisande. He was a posthumous child, and soon lost a devoted mother. His only relation was one of his guardians, a Scotch earl, a Presbyterian and a Whig, who had "guarded with precise knowledge and with unceasing vigilance over Lothair's vast inheritance," but had thought fit to send him to the High School of Edinburgh, and would have completed his education at the University of the modern Athens, had not the other guardian interfered. This other guardian is a clergyman who had seceded from the Anglican communion, entered the Church of Rome, and risen to the rank of Cardinal. He is the representative

of the Papal interest in England, and may be accepted as an overdrawn likeness of one Roman Catholic prelate with two or three attributes of another. He insisted on Oxford instead of Edinburgh, and then commenced a celebrated Chancery suit; the upshot being that, with every precaution to secure his Protestant principles, the Lord Chancellor decided that Lothair should be sent to Christchurch:

Here Lothair, who had never been favoured with a companion of his own age and station, soon found a congenial one in the heir of Brentham. Inseparable in pastime, not dissociated even in study, sympathising companionship soon ripened into fervent friendship. They lived so much together that the idea of separation became not only painful but impossible; and, when vacation arrived, and Brentham was to be visited by its future lord, what more natural than that it should be arranged that Lothair should be a visitor to his domain?

It subsequently appears that he had been two years at Oxford, was a member of White's, and within eight months of his majority, when this first visit, rather unaccountably delayed, came off. We learn nothing of his habits, except that he was fond of Highland sports, kept an expensive stud, drove four-in-hand, and was inseparable in pastime with a gay young noble; so that we hardly expected to meet a stripling utterly ignorant of the world and its ways, so very naïf and unsophisticated as to run considerable risk of being mistaken for a simpleton. "Although Lothair was the possessor of as many palaces and castles as the Duke himself, it is curious that his first dinner at Brentham was almost his introduction into refined society." It certainly is very curious. It is also curious that he should have found nothing but "rude plenty and coarse splendour, with noise instead of conversation, and a tumult of obstructive dependants," in Scotch houses—at Taymouth, Buchanan, Eglinton, Gordon Castle, Dalkeith, Hamilton, Keir, Balma-caan, or Dunrobin:

How different the surrounding scene! A table covered with flowers, bright with fanciful
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crystal, and porcelain that had belonged to sovereigns, who had given a name to its colour or its form. As for those present, all seemed grace and gentleness, from the radiant daughters of the house to the noiseless attendants that anticipated all his wants, and sometimes seemed to suggest his wishes.

Lothair sat between two of the married daughters. They addressed him with so much sympathy that he was quite enchanted. When they asked their pretty questions and made their sparkling remarks, roses seemed to drop from their lips, and sometimes diamonds.

They were a musical family; the Duke himself took a second, and the four married daughters warbled like nightingales, but Lady Corisande was the St. Cecilia of the evening: "When her impassioned tones sounded, there was a hushed silence in every chamber; otherwise, many things were said and done amid accompanying melodies that animated without distracting even a whistplayer." They were proficient at croquet, a game (it seemed to Lothair) of great deliberation and of more interest than gaiety.

But the scene was brilliant: a marvellous lawn, the Duchess's Turkish tent with its rich hangings, and the players themselves, the prettiest of all the spectacle, with their coquettish hats, and their half-veiled and half-revealed under-vestment, scarlet and silver, or blue and gold, made up a sparkling and modish scene.

The Duke's daughters, who let drop roses and diamonds from their lips, and probably combed pearls from their hair, could not be expected to condescend to anything plainer than scarlet and gold or blue and silver for a petticoat—

"That garment of a mystical sublimity,
No matter whether satin, silk, or dimity."

To give the grandest possible idea of the resources of an establishment, Theodore Hook makes his *nouveau riche* order out "more phaetons." Mr. Disraeli, resolved that his Duke shall not be outdone in such matters, assures us that the Brentham stable could supply a "readier number of capital riding-horses than any stable in England."

Brentham was a great riding family. In the summer season the Duke delighted to head a numerous troop, penetrate far into the country, and scamper home to a nine o'clock

dinner. All the ladies of the house were *fond* and fine horsewomen. The mount of one of these riding parties was magical. The dames and damsels vaulted on their barbs, and genets, and thoroughbred hacks, with such airy majesty; they were absolutely overwhelming with their bewildering habits and their bewitching hats.

Whether "*fond* horsewomen" means *fond* of riding, or *fond* in general, fairly passes our comprehension. But at the end of a fortnight Lothair gets *fond* of Lady Corisande, or fancies himself *fond* of her, and screws up his courage to give a vague intimation of the supposed condition of his heart.

Corisande was at the piano, and *disencumbering herself* of some music. Lothair went up to her rather abruptly.

"Your singing," he said, "is the finest thing I ever heard. I am so happy that I am not going to leave Brentham to-morrow. There is no place in the world that I think equal to Brentham."

"And I love it too, and no other place," she replied; "and I should be quite happy if I never left it."

Before going further, like a prudent and well-conducted youth as he is, he resolves on speaking to her mamma; and one fine afternoon, when the rest are deep in croquet, strolls away with the Duchess, and comes abruptly to the point. "Well," said Lothair, blushing deeply and speaking with much agitation, "I would ask your Grace's permission to offer my hand to your daughter." On the Duchess's objecting that he had no experience or knowledge of the world, he assures her that his opinions are already formed on every subject; that is, he explains, on every subject of importance, that they will never change, and that they are substantially the opinions of Corisande:

"Her Church views may be a little higher than mine, but I do not anticipate any difficulty on that head. Then as to churches themselves, she is in favour of building churches, and so am I; and schools—there is no quantity of schools I would not establish. My opinion is, you cannot have too much education, provided it be founded on a religious basis. I would sooner renounce the whole of my inheritance than consent to secular education."

Then there is that to which he really wishes to devote his existence and

in which he instinctively feels Lady Corisande would sympathise with him, —the extinction of pauperism:

"That is a vast subject," said the Duchess. "It is the terror of Europe and the disgrace of Britain," said Lothair; "and I am resolved to grapple with it. It seems to me that pauperism is not an affair so much of wages as of dwellings. If the working classes were properly lodged, at their present rate of wages, they would be richer. They would be healthier and happier at the same cost. I am so convinced of this that, the moment I am master, I shall build 2,000 cottages on my estates. I have the designs already."

He shakes his head at the renewed hint to take time:

"No," he said, after a pause. "My idea of perfect society is being married as I propose, and paying visits to Brentham; and when the visits to Brentham ceased, then I should like you and the Duke to pay visits to us."

"But that would be a fairy tale," said the Duchess.

As unlike a fairy tale as well can be. It is difficult to conceive a more prosaic future. Of his feelings for the damsel, or hers for him, not a word. Mr. Disraeli managed these things better when he wrote "*Henrietta Temple*." What Lothair likes is the family and their mode of life, and he would as soon marry one of them as the other, or not marry at all so long as he can go on living with them. We shall presently see him attaching himself in the same manner to other households; his highest aspiration being to continue on the footing of a tame cat. If this wooden passionless creature were endowed with sense or knowledge, there would be some hope for him, but he is made to utter the most commonplace rubbish, unredeemed by sensibility or thought.

The Duchess, neither encouraging nor discouraging his suit, quietly requests him to drop the subject; he leaves Brentham, and within a few days the image of Lady Corisande is dimmed if not effaced by other images coupled with totally different schemes of patriotism or philanthropy. His first meeting with his Cardinal guardian is at the house of his solicitor:

Mr. Giles was a leading partner in the firm

of Roundells, Giles, and Roundell, among the most eminent solicitors of Lincoln's Inn. He, in these days of prolonged maturity, might be described as still a young man. He had inherited from his father not only a large share in a first-rate business, but no inconsiderable fortune; and though he had, in her circle, a celebrated wife, he had no children. He was opulent and prosperous, with no cares and anxieties of his own, and loved his profession, for which he was peculiarly qualified, being a man of uncommon sagacity, very difficult to deceive, and yet one who sympathised with his clients, who were all personally attached to him, and many of whom were among the distinguished personages of the realm.

Now here, for once, was a promise of something substantial and respectable—something that would not lend itself to flummery and flash. Surely, we thought, Mr. Disraeli will not convert this worthy representative of the middle class into a tuft-hunter, or render him ridiculous by his accessories or belongings, or degrade him by tastes and habits into the most contemptible description of vulgarity. But this is what, consciously or unconsciously, has been done. He marries an incongruous and ridiculous wife, named Apollonia; he sets up an incongruous establishment; he entertains incongruous company; and his domestic life is entirely out of keeping with his profession or his class. Lothair calls on him to procure a sum of money wanted for a friend, which Mr. Giles offers to advance without troubling the guardians; and, in reply to Lothair's expressions of gratitude, declares that he should be amply repaid if Lothair would do him and Mrs. Giles "the great distinction" of dining with them. This is the man who had clients personally attached to him amongst the most distinguished personages of the realm. Now for the dinner:

It was a great day for Apollonia; not only to have Lothair at her right hand at dinner, but the prospect of receiving a Cardinal in the evening. But she was equal to it; though so engrossed, indeed, in the immediate gratification of her hopes and wishes, that she could scarcely dwell sufficiently on the coming scene of triumph and social excitement.

The repast was sumptuous; Lothair thought the dinner would never end, there were so many dishes, and apparently all of the highest

pretension. But if his simple tastes had permitted him to take an interest in these details, which they did not, he would have been assisted by a gorgeous *menu* of gold and white typography, that was by the side of each guest. The table seemed literally to groan under vases and gigantic flagons, and, in its midst, rose a mountain of silver, on which apparently all the cardinal virtues, several of the pagan deities, and Britannia herself, illustrated with many lights a glowing inscription, which described the fervent feelings of a grateful client.

Even the family solicitor cannot give a dinner without dishes of the highest pretension, a gorgeous *menu* in gold letters, gigantic flagons, and mountains of silver. If Mr. Disraeli has not the touch of Goldsmith, if we cannot say of him *nullum quod tetigit non ornavit*, he has the touch of Midas—a rather Brummagem Midas—for he turns everything into ormolu or silver-gilt.

There were many guests, beginning with the Dowager of Farringford, "a lady of quality, Apollonia's great lady, who exercised under this roof much "social tyranny."

On the right of Lothair sate the wife of a Vice-Chancellor, a quiet and pleasing lady, to whom Lothair, with natural good breeding, paid snatches of happy attention, when he could for a moment withdraw himself from the blaze of Apollonia's coruscating conversation.

It is dangerous to give examples of coruscating conversation or the talk of a quiet and pleasing lady like the wife of the Vice-Chancellor; but Mr. Disraeli is not afraid of belying his descriptions. Apollonia's subject is the effect of climate on religious sentiment, and her coruscating suggestion is that "a series of severe winters at Rome might put an end to Romanism." The quiet lady confides to him her fears that the Gulf Stream had made the ice unsafe, and that she had consequently not permitted her boys to skate. "You believe in the Gulf Stream to that extent," said Lothair,—"no skating."

This conversation is quite upon a par with what is reported in these pages as the ordinary conversation of the higher circles. When Mr. Puff is told that the clown and the justice in his play talk as fine language as the first hero amongst

them, he replies: "Heaven forbid they should not in a free country! I am not for making slavish distinctions, and giving all the fine language to the upper sort of people." Mr. Disraeli is equally liberal: his lawyers' wives talk quite as finely, as paradoxically, and as absurdly in Tyburnia as his great ladies in St. James's-square. It is there, and to one of its noblest mansions, the residence of Lord St. Jerome, that we are taken from Mr. Giles's. Lord St. Jerome is a Catholic peer of immense wealth. Lady St. Jerome is a daughter of a Protestant house, but during a residence at Rome after her marriage she had reverted to the ancient faith, which she professed with the enthusiastic convictions of a convert. They have no children, but domesticated with them is a beautiful niece, Clare Arundel, with "large violet" eyes, darker even than her dark brown "hair, and gleaming with intelligence." Their house is the resort of all the Catholic hierarchy and influential converts who are plotting the restoration of their Church; the two ladies are the chosen instruments of the Cardinal; and whilst impatiently expecting him, Monsignore Berwick, "formed and favoured" by Antonelli, and probably his successor," unfolds a portion of their policy to Lady St. Jerome:—

The gentlemen left the dining-room with the ladies in the continental manner. Lady St. Jerome, who was leaning on the arm of the Monsignore, guided him into a saloon further than the one they had re-entered, and then seating herself said, "You were telling me about Scotland, that you yourself thought it ripe."

"Unquestionably. The original plan was to have established our hierarchy when the Kirk split up; but that would have been a mistake, it was not then ripe. There would have been a fanatical reaction. There is always a tendency that way in Scotland: as it is, at this moment, the Establishment and the Free Kirk are mutually sighing for some compromise which may bring them together again; and if the proprietors would give up their petty patronage, some flatter themselves it might be arranged. But we are thoroughly well informed, and have provided for all this.

We sent two of our best men into Scotland some time ago, and they have invented a new Church, called the United Presbyterians. John Knox himself was never more violent or more

mischievous. The United Presbyterians will do the business: they will render Scotland simply impossible to live in; and then, when the crisis arrives, the distracted and despairing millions will find refuge in the bosom of their only mother. That is why, at home, we wanted no delay in the publication of the bull and the establishment of the hierarchy."

We need hardly remind any moderately informed reader that the United Presbyterians were 'invented' more than a century and a half ago. Their formal secession is dated by writers of authority in 1732. This is how Mr. Disraeli invents ecclesiastical history for the edification of his lady admirers, who are lost in admiration of the variety and profundity of his lore. The papal policy towards Ireland is unfolded with equal confidence and perspicuity. The Churchill who is accused of marring it, has more in common with an Irish Cardinal than with the English statesman with whom he has been hastily confounded,—the Cardinal who supported the disendowment of the Anglican Church in Ireland contrary to the known wishes of the Vatican. Speaking as Premier, Mr. Disraeli wound up a speech in 1868 by accusing Mr. Gladstone of a conspiracy with the "High Church Ritualists and the Irish followers of the Pope," to overthrow the altar and the throne. We have therefore been keeping a sharp look-out to see how, in what disguise, or under what pseudonym, Mr. Gladstone was to be brought in, and we were much disappointed at not finding him in close *confab* with Lady St. Jerome, Miss Arundel, and their Monsignori, in St. James's Square. Lothair is brought there by the Cardinal after being carefully prepared—we cannot say indoctrinated:

There was only one subject on which his Eminence seemed scrupulous never to touch, and that was religion; or so indirectly, that it was only when alone that Lothair frequently found himself musing over the happy influence on the arts, and morals, and happiness of mankind—of the Church.

In due time, not too soon, but when he was attuned to the initiation, the Cardinal presented Lothair to Lady St. Jerome. The impassioned eloquence of that lady germinated the seed which the Cardinal had seemed so carelessly to utter. She was a woman to

inspire crusaders. Not that she ever condescended to vindicate her own particular faith, or spoke as if she was conscious that Lothair did not possess it. Assuming that religion was true, for otherwise man would be in a more degraded position than the beasts of the field, which are not aware of their own wretchedness, then religion should be the principal occupation of man, to which all other pursuits should be subservient.

"When I mention religion," says the Reverend Mr. Thwackum, "I mean the Christian religion; and not only the Christian religion, but the Protestant religion; and not only the Protestant religion, but the Church of England." When Lady St. Jerome mentioned religion, she meant not only the Roman Catholic religion, but Ultramontaniam and Papal Infallibility,—in short, that very religion, and no other, which the Œcumenical Council has been called together to settle and confirm. All who do not believe in this are practically little better than atheists, with whom the faithful must be constantly at war. "If he (Lothair) were equal to the occasion, and could control and even subdue these sons of Corah, he would rank with Michael the Archangel."

This was the text on which frequent discourses were delivered to Lothair, and to which he listened at first with eager, and soon with enraptured attention. The priestess was worthy of the shrine. Few persons were ever gifted with more natural eloquence; a command of language, choice without being pedantic; beautiful hands that fluttered with irresistible grace; flashing eyes and a voice of melody.

Miss Arundel's large violet eyes lent their aid, and her quiet influence makes more way with Lothair than the over-demonstrative persuasions of her aunt. "He feared he was not an archangel, and yet he longed to struggle with the powers of darkness." Besides, Lady St. Jerome had a very agreeable saloon. "Her social atmosphere infinitely pleased him. The mixture of solemn duty and graceful diversion, high purposes and charming manners, seemed to realize some youthful dreams of elegant existence." In other words, the St. Jerome spell began to operate like that which had inspired similar

dreams at Brentham. They take him down to spend the Easter at Vauxe, "the finest specimen of the old English residence extant," with two quadrangles, and galleries full of portraits; lots of plate, including ewers and flagons and tall salt-celiars, a foot high and richly chiselled—these were surely to be included in the catalogue,—and (above all) a chapel, adroitly employed to act on the senses of a youth who would seem to have neither reason nor imagination to be acted upon. Having been positively assured that the Tenebræ neither includes nor implies a dogma he does not believe nor a ceremony he does not approve—which is true in one sense, for he knows nothing of either dogmas or ceremonies—he consents to be present at the Tenebræ:

The altar was desolate, the choir was dumb; and while the services proceeded in hushed tones of subdued sorrow, and sometimes even of suppressed anguish, gradually, with each psalm and canticle, a light of the altar was extinguished, till at length the Miserere was muttered, and all became darkness. A sound as of a distant and rising wind was heard, and a crash, as it were the fall of trees in a storm. The earth is covered with darkness, and the veil of the temple is rent. But just at this moment of extreme woe, when all human voices are silent, and when it is forbidden even to breathe "Amen"—when everything is symbolical of the confusion and despair of the Church at the loss of her expiring Lord—a priest brings forth a concealed light of silvery flame from a corner of the altar. This is the light of the world, and announces the resurrection, and then all rise up and depart in silence.

As Lothair rose, Miss Arundel passed him with streaming eyes.

"There is nothing in this holy office," said Father Coleman to Lothair, "to which every real Christian might not give his assent."

"Nothing," said Lothair, with great decision.

This is one of the purple patches of the book. The scene is artistically worked up, but we suspect reads better than it acted or would act. A congregation must be in a most ecstatic state to see the light of the world, and the resurrection, in a jet of silvery flame turned on the darkness of a small chapel by a priest; and all attempts to realize the sublime mysteries of religion more or

less resemble that of the pagan to play the thunderer—

"Demens! qui nimbo et non imitabile fulmen, Ære et cornipedum pulsu simularat equorum."

Lothair was not quite up to the mark, and took the matter rather prosaically, notwithstanding the streaming eyes of Miss Arundel. The strongest impression was made upon him under widely different circumstances, at a luncheon-party.

The turf was dry and mossy, and the air pleasant. It was a balmy day. They sate down by the great trees, the servants opened the lunch-on baskets, which were a present from Balmoral. Lady St. Jerome was seldom seen to greater advantage than distributing her viands under such circumstances. *Never was such gay and graceful hospitality. Lothair was quite fascinated as she playfully thrust a paper of lobster-sandwiches into his hand, and enjoined Monsignore Catesby to fill his tumbler with Chablis.*

"I wish Father Coleman were here," said Lothair to Miss Arundel.

"Why?" said Miss Arundel.

"Because we were in the midst of a very interesting conversation on idolatry and on worship in groves, when Lady St. Jerome summoned us to our drive. This seems a grove where one might worship."

Not a bad opening for a young man with a paper of lobster-sandwiches in one hand and a tumbler of Chablis in the other; but the worship he meant was not that of the lady with the violet eyes, but the worship of the Scarlet Lady sitting on the seven hills, which he is assured is most inadequately provided for in this benighted land:

"If the ceremonies of the Church were adequately fulfilled in England," resumes the lady, "we should hear very little of English infidelity."

"That is saying a great deal," observed Lothair inquiringly.

"Had I that command of wealth," she continues, "of which we hear so much in the present day, and with which the possessors seem to know so little what to do, I would purchase some of those squalid streets in Westminster, which are the shame of the metropolis, and clear a great space and build a real cathedral, where the worship of heaven should be perpetually conducted in the full spirit of the ordinances of the Church. I believe, were this done, even this country might be saved."

He goes away meditating on two great ideas—"the reconciliation of Christendom and the influence of architecture on religion." Neither he (nor the author) appears to have heard of Coleridge's comparison of a Gothic cathedral to a petrified religion; but after a little reflection—and a little reflection goes a long way with him—he determines to devote to the realization of Miss Arundel's scheme the two hundred thousand pounds which, when Lady Corisande was in the ascendant, he was about to expend on cottages. But *l'homme propose et femme dispose*, and before the architect is actually set to work, though the plans are well-nigh settled, another change comes over the spirit of his dream, and the money is employed to furnish supplies for a Garibaldian expedition against Rome. The transmigrations of Indur hardly surpass in suddenness and violent contrast the transformations of Lothair. Within a few days after leaving Vauxe he is in the thick of a London season, and dancing with Lady Corisande at her presentation ball. At another ball, being requested to "attend" Miss Arundel to the supper-room, "he fed her with cakes as delicate as her lips, and manufactured for her dainty beverages which would not outrage their purity."

Up to this period, we are told, this young Marquis, a Christchurch man of two years' standing, the bosom friend of the heir-apparent of Crecy House, and a member of White's, was without an acquaintance, and required the aid of fairies, in the shape of the Duchess and Lady St. Jerome, to gain him the *entrée* of fine houses! It was only by a very strong and determined effort that he could have kept out of them.

The very next chapter, after the intervention of another week, begins: "Although Lothair was not in the slightest degree shaken in his conviction that 'life should be entirely religious.' His fancy for Miss Arundel might have been associated with religion; his fancy for Lady Corisande was not; and he is wavering between these two charmers, like the donkey between the two bundles of hay,

when a fresh spell is thrown upon him more potent than either.

"What are you going to do with 'yourself to-day?' " said Bertram. "If you be disengaged, I vote we dine 'together at White's, and then we will 'go down to the House. I will take 'you to the smoking-room and introduce you to Bright, and then we will 'trot him out on primogeniture." At this moment arrived a letter from his stud-groom (not his tutor) which induced him to revisit Oxford. The morning after his arrival he rode over to his stables, where he had ordered his "drag" (he belongs to the Four-in-hand Club) to be ready. A short distance from them he comes upon a crowd clustered round a dismantled vehicle and a lovely lady in distress. The lady is the wife of Colonel Campian, an American of the South, who was also a proficient at four-in-hand, and had come to grief whilst trying what he calls "these new tits," on a by-road. Lothair proffers the loan of his "drag" and his "team." "These were four roans, highly 'bred, with black manes and tails. "They had the Arab eye, with arched 'necks, and seemed proud of themselves and their master." We hope they did not resemble the conventional horse, "proud of its lovely burthen" which it is always trying to throw off.

"We have got a professor dining with us to-day at seven o'clock," said the Colonel, "at our hotel; and if you be disengaged, and would join the party, you would add to the favours which you know so well how to confer."

Lothair handed the lady into the carriage, the Colonel mounted the box and took the ribbons like a master, and the four roans trotted away with their precious charge and their two grooms behind with folded arms and imperturbable countenances.

Lothair watched the equipage until it vanished in the distance.

"It is impossible to forget that countenance," he said; "and I fancy I did hear at the time that she had married an American. Well, I shall meet her at dinner—that is something." And he sprang into his saddle.

He does meet her at dinner with the Professor, passes the whole of the next day with her, and in the course of a sight-seeing visit to Blenheim, learns all he cares

to know about her residence and position, with much that is interesting about her habits and her tastes. "We do not live 'in London, but in the vicinity. We only 'go to London for the opera, of which 'we are devotees. We do not at all 'enter general society. He (the Colonel) 'is social, but not conventional. "And you? eagerly inquired Lothair, "are you conventional? Well, I live 'only for the climate and the affections." On its being suggested that the late luncheon should serve for the dinner,—"That suits me exactly," said the lady; "I am a great foe to dinners, 'and indeed to all meals. I think 'when the good time comes, we shall 'give up eating in public, except per-haps fruit on a green bank with music." This is an improvement on Vivian Grey, who professed to subsist entirely on maraschino and Guava jelly (a mild aperient).

On their way to the railway station the next morning, she unbosoms herself in a loftier strain:—

"Railways have elevated and softened the lot of man," said Theodora, "and Colonel Campian views them with almost a religious sentiment. But I cannot read in a railroad, and the human voice is distressing to me amid the whirl and the whistling, and the wild panting of the loosened megatheria who drag us. And then those terrible grottoes—it is quite a descent of Proserpine; so I have no resources but my thoughts."

"And surely that is sufficient," murmured Lothair.

"Not when the past is expelled," said the lady.

"But the future?" said Lothair.

"Yes, that is ever interesting, but so vague that it sometimes induces slumber."

The bell sounded, Lothair handed the lady to her compartment.

Lothair is improving fast. When the lady says that she has no resources but her thoughts, observe how neatly he throws in, "And surely that is sufficient." Mark the implied inference: "Your thoughts, like your society, like everything about you, are so sweet, such a source of pleasure to others, that they must needs be all-sufficient for yourself." This almost matches the American who wrote to an invalid beauty his regret "that illness had become so

"enamoured of its charming abode as to 'be unwilling to leave the delightful 'tenement.'" Mr. Disraeli's mode of bringing a fresh actor or actress on the stage is strikingly original. So is his mode of laying trains, which generally lead in an opposite direction to the meditated explosion or development. He may say that he does so to enhance the surprise, like the painter who (in a picture of St. Anthony preaching to the fishes) painted the listening lobsters red to enhance the miracle. If this be so, he has succeeded to admiration. We were never more surprised than on discovering that this ethereal enphuist, who lives for climate and the affections, whose nerves are so tremulous that a human voice is distressing to her in a railway carriage, who sees an antediluvian monster in the steam-engine, and a descent of Proserpine in a tunnel—that this is a heroine capable of the noblest efforts and sacrifices, prepared at the first call of patriotism to lay aside all the softness of her sex, to don the masculine garb, to share the soldier's fare, to raise her voice amidst the din of battle loud as a trumpet with a silver sound, to head an onslaught like the Maid of Saragossa, and to fall, exulting, in the arms of Victory, like Dundee at Killiecrankie, or Wolfe at Quebec, or Nelson at Trafalgar.

But we are anticipating. Lothair returns to town wrapped up in Theodora. "And she is profoundly religious," he said to himself; "she can conceive no kind of society without religion," her religion, as it turns out, being that of Garibaldi! Bertram proposes a dinner at White's:—

A dinner at White's! He did not think he could stand a dinner at White's. Indeed, he was not sure that he could stand any dinner anywhere, especially in this hot weather. There was a good deal in what she said: "One ought to eat alone."

Throwing over a dinner engagement with the Montairs, he walked out into the streets purposeless till a cruising hansom caught his eyes. "'Tis the gondola of London," said Lothair, as he sprang in; "drive on till I tell you to

stop." Lothair, a homebred youth, had never swum in a gondola, and probably never read "Beppo," which contains a tolerably precise description of one:

"It glides along the water, looking blackly,
Just like a coffin clapt in a canoe,
Where none can make out what you say
or do."

The four-wheeled cab or the old-fashioned hackney-coach comes nearer the gondola than the hansom. He is driven through interminable boulevards, till his progress is arrested by a procession which was crossing the road and entering a building. It is a Fenian meeting, which cannot be entered without a ticket; but the cabman happens to have one, a green slip of paper which he extracts from a packet in his breast pocket—it is right to be minute—and Lothair joins the meeting, where he stands a fair chance of being treated as a spy, until a mysterious stranger interferes, flourishes a revolver, and presents a paper to the president which paralyzes him. This is the future leader of the expedition against Rome, and a great ally of Theodora's. There is a minute description of his attendance at a republican or revolutionary meeting under Ledru-Rollin in Leicester-square, with other suspicious proceedings; and altogether Mr. Disraeli does his best to convey an impression that the French Emperor was right in pressing for a Conspiracy Bill, and that the French colonels were not entirely in the wrong when they threatened to come over and institute a *bonâ fide* search for conspirators. It is not probable that Lothair should have hit upon the only cabman with a green ticket, and it is for the consideration of the Home Secretary whether he should not forthwith arrest and examine every cabman with a brogue.

There are a dinner and a ball, which afford a good opening for descriptions of manners, and then Lothair pays his first visit to Belmont, the abode of Theodora, a villa on the scale of Chiswick, fitted up in the most luxurious manner, the hall being of noble proportions, the "spacious and lofty chambers hung with master-

pieces of modern art," amongst which are the two masterpieces of American sculpture, the Sibyl and the Cleopatra. The actual possessors of these treasures will be rather astonished to see them coolly made over to Colonel Campian in this fashion, by a licence of fiction alien from its objects and ruinous to its effects. Theodora takes Lothair to see a newly-arrived statue by the same sculptor, the Genius of Freedom—

Some would have sighed that such beings could only be pictured in a poet's or an artist's dream, but Lothair felt that what he beheld with rapture was no ideal creation, and that he was in the presence of the inspiring original.

"It is too like," he murmured.

"It is the most successful recurrence to the true principles of art in modern sculpture," said a gentleman on his right hand.

This gentleman is Mr. Phœbus, "the most successful, not to say the most eminent, painter of the age." His professional income suffices for the most extravagant expenditure—a beautiful villa, a first-class yacht, caskets of priceless jewels, the most splendid and profuse hospitality. He declines to accept an enormous fortune with his wife, the daughter of a Greek millionaire, preferring to owe everything to art. Of Gascon birth, he was "the Gascon noble" of the sixteenth century, with all his "brilliancy, bravery, and boastfulness, equally vain, arrogant, and eccentric."

"It is presumption in my talking about such things," said Lothair; "but might I venture to ask what you may consider the true principles of art?"

"Aryan principles," said Mr. Phœbus; "not merely the study of nature, but of beautiful nature; the art of design in a country inhabited by a first-rate race, and where the laws, the manners, the customs, are calculated to maintain the health and beauty of a first-rate race. In a greater or less degree, these conditions obtained from the age of Pericles to the age of Hadrian in pure Aryan communities, but Semitism began then to prevail, and ultimately triumphed. Semitism has destroyed art; it taught man to despise his own body, and the essence of art is to honour the human frame."

On Lothair's apologizing for his ignorance, he is told that what he calls his ignorance is his strength.

"Books are fatal: they are the curse of the human race. . . . The greatest misfortune that ever befel man was the invention of printing. . . . What I admire in the order to which you belong is that they live in the air; that they excel in athletic sports; that they can only speak one language; and that they never read. This is not a complete education, but it is the highest education since the Greek."

This is the kind of talking and writing in which Mr. Disraeli delights and excels. He once replied to an acquaintance who asked him whether he had read a book: "My dear fellow, when I want to read a book, I write one." He is philosophically indifferent about the validity of a thought or theory so long as it will bear pointing and polishing. Why dig for diamonds or dive for pearls, when Bristol stones, paste, or glass will serve the purpose equally well? Readers must be very shallow to think him deep. He has improved on the well-known aphorism popularly attributed to Talleyrand: he employs words not to conceal thoughts but the want of them. We are lucky if we get a half-truth; it would be idle to calculate on a whole one. He does not ask or expect us to assent to the propositions involved in his paradoxes; if we are dazzled by their glitter, he is content. They light up an occasional page agreeably enough, but he is too prodigal of them. *On ne plait pas longtemps si l'on n'a qu'une sorte d'esprit.* All his clever or would-be clever people—Apollonia, Theodora, the Oxford professor, the Monsignori, the artist, the scientific foreigner, the Roman princess, the man about town, the lounging young noble—talk alike. They talk the same kind of clever nonsense on all subjects. Thus, the Professor argues for the abolition of religion at Oxford, and Hugo Bohun, the sworn foe of marriage, says: "I would not answer for myself 'if I could find an affectionate family 'with good shooting and first-rate claret.' Even the fine ladies cannot converse about a duchess without a touch of satirical exaggeration:

"She frets herself too much about her boys; she does not know what to do with them.

They will not go into the Church, and they have no fortune for the Guards."

"I understood that Lord Plantagenet was to be a civil engineer," said Lady Corisande.

"And Lord Albert Victor to have a sheep-walk in Australia," continued Lady St. Jerome.

"They say that a lord must not go to the Bar," said Miss Arundel. "It seems to me very unjust."

"Alfred Beaufort went the circuit," said Lady Corisande, "but I believe they drove him into Parliament."

Mr. Disraeli is hard on the scientific foreigner, who talks unmitigated nonsense :

"Baron Gozelius agrees with your celebrated pastor, Dr. Cumming," said Theodora, with a tinge of demure sarcasm, "and believes that the end of the world is at hand."

"And for the same reasons?" inquired Lothair.

"Not exactly," said Theodora, "but in this instance science and revelation have arrived at the same result, and that is what all desire."

"All that I said was," said Gozelius, "that the action of the sun had become so irregular that I thought the chances were in favour of the destruction of our planet. At least if I were a public office, I would not insure it."

"Yet the risk would not be very great under those circumstances," said Theodora.

"The destruction of this world is foretold," said Lothair; "the stars are to fall from the sky; but while I credit, I cannot bring my mind to comprehend, such a catastrophe."

"I have seen a world created and a world destroyed," said Gozelius. "The last was flickering ten years, and it went out as I was watching it."

"And the first?" inquired Lothair anxiously.

"Disturbed space for half a century—a great pregnancy. William Herschel told me it would come when I was a boy, and I cruised for it through two-thirds of my life. It came at last, and it repaid me."

Lothair sits next to an agreeable woman, who tells him that her sister Feodore, at Paris, had written to her about an opera-singer.

"Do you know, I never was at the opera," said Lothair.

"I am not at all surprised; and when you go—which I suppose you will do some day—what will most strike you is, that you will not see a single person you ever saw in your life."

"Strange!"

A simple statement of the fact that the circle of opera-goers has been inde-

finably extended, would not have elicited the exclamation, "Strange!"

Mr. Ruby, the jeweller, thus expatiates on pearls :

"The Justinianis have ropes of pearls—Madame Justiniani of Paris, I have been told, gives a rope to every one of her children when they marry—but there is no expectation of a Justiniani parting with anything. Pearls are troublesome property, my lord. They require great care; they want both air and exercise; they must be worn frequently; you cannot lock them up. The Duchess of Havant has the finest pearls in this country, and I told her Grace, 'Wear them whenever you can; wear them at breakfast,' and her Grace follows my advice—she does wear them at breakfast. I go down to Havant Castle every year to see her Grace's pearls, and I wipe every one of them myself, and let them lie on a sunny bank in the garden, in a westerly wind, for hours and days together. Their complexion would have been ruined had it not been for this treatment. Pearls are like girls, my lord—they require quite as much attention."

A rather forced analogy. If girls want air and exercise, they do not require to be periodically wiped or let lie on a sunny bank in a garden, in a westerly wind, for hours and days together.

One of the few whom this sort of talk fits is St. Aldegonde, the best-drawn character in the book. A touch of caricature was necessary for its development, and few things are better in their way than his sending for his wife across the room to tell her that he was not bored as he expected to be, or his agreeing to the arrangement made by her for his shooting expedition to the moors: "All right; I shall ask the "Yankee, and I should like to take that "Hungarian girl too, if she would only "fiddle to us at luncheon."

Mr. Disraeli's quiet humour is genuine and appropriate, while the best of his coruscations and antithetical conceits resemble paste jewels badly set. A party given by Mr. Phoebus to exhibit a picture painted for the Emperor of Russia, places Mr. Disraeli's mannerism, especially his mode of blending the real with the unreal, in broad relief:—

No language can describe the fascinating costume of Madame Phoebus and her glittering sister. "They are habited as sylvans," the great artist deigned to observe, if any of his

guests could not refrain from admiring the dresses which he had himself devised. As for the venerable patron of art in Britain, he smiled when he met the lady of the house, and sighed when he glanced at Euphrosyne; but the first gave him a beautiful flower, and the other fastened it in his button-hole. He looked like a victim bedecked by the priestesses of some old fane of Hellenic loveliness, and proud of his impending fate. What could the Psalmist mean in the immortal passage? Threescore and ten, at the present day, is the period of romantic passions. As for our enamoured sexagenarians, they avenge the theories of our cold-hearted youth.

The venerable patron of art, with the locality and the syrens, will be recognized at a glance, though the syrens were not the wife and sister-in-law of the artist. If it be true that "*on est plus heureux par le sentiment qu'on a que par le sentiment qu'on inspire*," who more enviable than that "polished and grey-headed noble," who retained his freshness of feeling, his sensibility and his exquisite taste, till his death at past eighty? Was he not more happily gifted in this respect than his friend and contemporary, Sydney Smith, who wrote thus to Lady Dufferin:—"Remember me to the Norton; tell her 'I am glad to be sheltered from her 'beauty by the insensibility of age; 'but don't make a mistake and deliver 'the message to Lady Davy instead of 'your sister.'"

Why will Mr. Disraeli insist on destroying the illusion of the scene?

"It is a scene of enchantment," whispered the chief patron of British art to Madame Phœbus.

"I always think luncheon in the air rather jolly," said Madame Phœbus.

"It is perfect romance!" murmured the chief patron of British art to Euphrosyne.

"With a due admixture of reality," she said, helping him to an enormous truffle, which she extracted from its napkin. "You know you must eat it with butter."

The picture they came to view turns out to be the picture of Hero and Leander exhibited last year. The applause was "a genuine verdict," and Mr. Phœbus, with an elate air, "re-deemed only from arrogance by the 'intellect of his brow,'" exclaims: "To-morrow the critics will commence.

"You know who the critics are? The 'men who have failed in literature and 'art.'"

This may be partly true of some newspaper critics on art. It is utterly untrue of critics in general: the literary critics are not the men who have failed in literature; the art critics are not the men who have failed in art. The list of critics in the principal reviews comprises a large majority of the most distinguished names in literature—Jeffrey, Sydney Smith, Hallam, Moore, Scott, Southey, Gifford, Milman, Lockhart, Monckton Milnes, Mill, Carlyle, Macaulay, Lytton. Mr. Disraeli forgets that success in criticism is success in literature. Jeffrey was a critic and nothing more; St. Beuve's *Causeries de Lundi*, which won him his *fauteuil* among the Forty, were purely critical. Ruskin, Layard, Tom Taylor, Palgrave, the late Richard Ford, Sir W. Stirling-Maxwell, Lady Eastlake, Mrs. Grote, may be named as influential art-critics who never failed in literature or art. Mr. Disraeli tried his hand at journalism and criticism, and failed. *Hinc illa lachrymæ*. Compared with the eminent position he has won in another line, we should hardly call what he has achieved in literature success. When he first began to attract attention in Parliament, the late Prince Metternich remarked: "How sorry he must be now that he ever wrote those catchpenny novels." No one suspects him of writing for money, and it does not mend the matter, so far as well-founded reputation is concerned, that those catchpenny novels now catch pounds. The critics cannot be accused of depreciating him when they maintain that he is, or ought to be, superior to his books.

Thanks to the Aladdin lamp which Mr. Disraeli rubs unceasingly, Lothair's ancestral castle, with its domain, is unparalleled for extent and magnificence. The armoury, two hundred feet long, led to a large and lofty octagonal chamber, highly decorated, in the centre of which was the tomb of Lothair's grandfather. "He had raised it in his life-time. The tomb was of alabaster,

"surrounded by a railing of pure gold, "and crowned with a recumbent figure of the deceased, in his coronet." Fanes, fountains, glittering statues, Babylonian terraces, abound. "Perhaps too many temples," said Lothair, "but this ancestor of mine had some imagination." He might have said the same of his biographer.

In this wonderful place are congregated, for the celebration of Lothair's majority, all the leading personages with whom we have already made acquaintance: the Duke and Duchess, Bertram, Lady Corisande, the St. Aldegondes, the Montairys, Lord and Lady St. Jerome and Miss Arundel, Colonel Campian and Theodora, Mr. Putney Giles and Apollonia, the Scotch guardian with two daughters six feet high each, Mr. Hugo Bohun, the Monsignori, and the Cardinal. Here, too, the Bishop of the diocese is brought upon the scene—one of the most distinguished and accomplished of living prelates, who will be the first to laugh at the sly touches of satire which he has provoked, although he would be wanting in self-respect did he not feel and condemn the wanton levity with which an unbecoming course of conduct is imputed to him. For the object of rivalry at Muriel Towers, where so many lovely ladies are gathered together, is not, as usual at such celebrations, the heart or hand of the host. It is his soul that is angled for; it is his salvation they are anxious to secure, each in his or her peculiar way. The duel is not a triangular one between Lady Corisande, Miss Arundel, and Theodora, but a combat *à l'outrance* between the Bishop and the Cardinal: the Bishop seconded by his chaplain and a trusty archdeacon in a purple coat; the Cardinal by his Monsignori.

But the ladies are not permitted, had they been ever so willing, to remain idle spectators of the contest. They are eagerly enlisted as allies. Lothair's impending conversion to the Papal faith having been noised abroad, the Bishop seeks an interview with

him to impress "the paramount duty "of commencing the day of his majority by assisting in an early "celebration of the most sacred rite "of the Church." This would be an authentic testimony that he was not going to quit the Church of his fathers. To counteract the influence of Lady St. Jerome and Miss Arundel, the Bishop applies to Lady Corisande:

She conveyed to the Bishop before dinner the results of her exertions.

"You may count on Alberta St. Aldegonde and Victoria Montairy, and, I think, Lord Montairy also, if she presses him, which she has promised to do. Bertram must kneel by his friend at such a time. I think Lord Carisbrooke may: Duke of Brecon, I can say nothing about at present."

"Lord St. Aldegonde?" said the Bishop.

Lady Corisande shook her head.

There had been a conclave in the Bishop's room before dinner, in which the interview of the morning was discussed.

"It was successful; scarcely satisfactory," said the Bishop. "He is a very clever fellow, and knows a great deal. They have got hold of him, and he has all the arguments at his fingers' ends."

The Cardinal, we are told, never spoke to his ward about religion, and Lothair had no time for reading—

My only books
Were women's looks,
And folly's all they taught me.

When Lothair, in the perplexity of utter ignorance, exclaims: "If there were only one Church, I could see my way," he recalls the puzzled Baron of the Exchequer who complained of there being two sides to a cause. The Bishop proceeds to reassure the Archdeacon by telling him, not that he has convinced Lothair, but that he has got the women to work upon him: "We may depend on the Duchess and "her daughters—all admirable women; "and they will do what they can with "others." The Anglicans carry the day, although, if they win by such means, there is not a pin to choose between them and the Romanists—which, we take it, is the precise conclusion to which Mr. Disraeli is leading us. He

is going in for the Protestant dodge, the No-Popery cry : he owes the Roman Catholics a grudge for declining his overtures in more than one crisis of his political fortunes ; and he takes the same opportunity to clear scores with a High Church Prelate, to revenge some offence given or taken since they stood together on the Oxford platform to expound the angelic theory of man and denounce the atheistical tendencies of the age.

Whilst the rival Churches—pull devil, pull baker—are struggling for Lothair, Anti-Church or No-Church carries off the prize. The mysterious foreigner who rescued him at the Fenian meeting is seen in the park. Theodora takes to her room and requests an interview. It is to tell Lothair that she is off to join an expedition against Rome ; and without a momentary hesitation he announces a resolution, "long formed," to devote to her his fortune and his life.

We have then a chapter of Italian politics, and then a campaign with the Garibaldi Volunteers, much of which reads like an ambitious imitation of the late Mr. G. P. R. James. Both the General and Theodora are purely mythical, and the whole campaign is a muddled medley of fact and fiction. Lothair is serving on the staff as Captain Muriel. Theodora is absent visiting Mary Anne Societies, but one fine morning Lothair enters the General's tent and finds him dictating to an officer. "You ought to know my military secretary, and therefore I will introduce you." "Is it possible?" is his very natural exclamation, when he recognizes Theodora in male attire. About a week after her arrival, the General said to him :—"My secretary 'has occasion to go on an expedition. I shall send a French detachment of 'cavalry with her, and you will be at 'its head. She has requested that her 'husband should have this office, but 'that is impossible : I cannot spare my 'best officer." This, we must say, was very considerate in the General, and it is pleasant to be assured that his confidence was not abused.

The catastrophe is now near at hand. In the battle between the Veiled Prophet and the Caliph in "Lalla Rookh," the Caliph's troops are giving way—

"When, hark that shout!
Some hand hath check'd the flying Moslems'
rout,
And now they turn, they rally, at their head
A warrior like those angel youths that led,
In glorious panoply of heaven's own mail,
The champions of the Faith through Beder's
vale,
Bold as if gifted with ten thousand lives,
Turns on the fierce pursuers' blades and
drives
At once the multitudinous torrent back,
While hope and courage kindle on his track."

This is poetry and romance. Mr. Disraeli turns it into prose. Theodora plays Azim. The Papal troops hold their ground, and the Garibaldians are disordered and dismayed. "It was at this moment that Theodora rushed forward, and, waving a sword in one hand and 'in the other a standard of the Republic,' exclaimed, 'Brothers, to Rome!' They form and rally round her, and charge with renewed energy, at the very moment that Campian 'brought the 'force of his division on the enemy's 'rear.' The victory is complete, when Theodora is struck by a random shot from a Zouave rifle, and falls. Lothair, who had never left her during the battle, was at her side in a moment ; the General, with some of his staff, hurries up. "Go, go, you are all wanted." "None 'of us are wanted : the day is won, we 'must think of you." "Is it won?" she murmured. "Complete." "I die content." (Wolfe's dying words were : "Now I shall die happy.") But she does not die till after an interview with Lothair, in which she exacts a solemn promise that he will never enter the communion of Rome, and her very last words are : "And now embrace me, 'for I wish that your spirit should be 'upon me as mine departs."

The book should end here, where the real interest has culminated. The rest of the story drags. If only for Lothair's sake, it should have ended here. He must be the poorest creature upon earth if, with Theodora's spirit breathing round

him, he could relapse into Romanism; yet he is only saved from a relapse by a miracle. The improbabilities thicken to absurdity. The first we hear of him after the dying scene is his being discovered severely wounded in a hospital at Rome by Miss Arundel, providentially guided to the spot by a tailor's wife. She has him conveyed to the Palazzo Agostini, then occupied by the St. Jeromes: the Cardinal introduces him to numbers of other Cardinals; the old influences are brought to bear; and when he is duly prepared for the *grand coup*, a formal statement drawn up in solemn conclave is laid before him, to the effect that he had fallen at Mentana fighting for the Holy Father, and that the tailor's wife was the Blessed Virgin herself. This is a clever and mischievous episode. The Cardinal maintains to his face, that the statement "drawn up and well considered by truly 'pious men,' is and must be true, and when Lothair insists that he must know whether he was fighting for or against the Pope, suggests:

"Your case is by no means an uncommon one. It will wear off with returning health. King George IV. believed that he was at the battle of Waterloo, and indeed commanded there; and his friends were at one time a little alarmed. Mr. Knighton, who was a sensible man, said, 'His Majesty has only to leave off Curaçoa, and rest assured he will gain no more victories.' . . . Divine authority has perused this paper and approved it. It records the most memorable event of this century. Our Blessed Lady has personally appeared to her votaries before during that period, but never at Rome. . . . The eyes of all Christendom are upon you as the most favoured of men, and you stand there like St. Thomas."

"Perhaps he was as bewildered as I am," said Lothair.

Whilst he is wavering, the spirit of Theodora appears to him in the Coliseum with a look and a word, 'Remember.' He faints away, and is found there by Father Coleman, whom the Blessed Virgin, or another tailor's wife, had providentially led to the vicinity. "They have overdone it, Gertrude, with Lothair," said Lord St. Jerome to his wife, and insisted on calling in an English physician, who

began by ordering Lothair out of Rome. His movements on leaving it become wild and almost unintelligible. Arriving at Malta in an open boat from Sicily, he is saved from quarantine by Mr. Phœbus, who is opportunely in the harbour with his yacht. "And how about your 'people, and your baggage?'" "I have 'neither servants nor clothes,'" said Lothair, "and if it had not been for these 'good people (the boatmen), I should not 'have had food.' . . . 'I cannot take 'you to a banker's,'" said Mr. Phœbus, "for I have none; but I wish you would 'share my purse. Nothing will ever induce me to use what they call paper 'money. It is the worst thing that what 'they call civilization has produced." By way of showing what he called his purse, he one morning opened a chest in his cabin, and produced several velvet bags, one full of pearls, another of rubies, others of Venetian sequins, Napoleons, and golden piastres. "I like to look at 'them,'" said Mr. Phœbus, "and find life 'more intense when they are about my 'person. But bank-notes, so cold and 'thin—they give me an ague."

The beautiful sisters welcomed Lothair "in maritime costumes which were absolutely bewitching: wondrous jackets 'with loops of pearls, girdles defended 'by dirks with handles of turquoise, 'and tilted hats that, while they 'screened their long eyelashes from 'the sun, covered the longer braids of 'their never-ending hair." Fancy never-ending hair actually longer than long eyelashes! Were not these the beauties whose eyelashes regularly got tangled when they slept? Mr. Phœbus takes Lothair to his Ægean isle, which is exactly like an island in a burlesque or extravaganza at a minor theatre. Here the ladies, changing their bewitching maritime costumes for equally bewitching hunting dresses, "looking like 'Diana or her nymphs, were mounted 'on cream-coloured Anatolian *chargers* 'with golden bells."

After a short stay in the isle, which Lothair wishes never to leave, the party proceed to the East, where he falls in with Bertram, who falls in love with

Euphrosyne, and he speculates like Tancred on the Asiatic and other mysteries at Jerusalem, till he is summoned home.

Mr. Disraeli apparently acts upon the theory that two packs of nonsense make sense, as two negatives make an affirmative. So in Palestine, by way of contrast to Mr. Phœbus, he puts forward a kind of Christian Sidonia; a Greek Christian, named Paraclete, who talks a good deal of shallow philosophy and theology. "We believe," he says, "that our family were among the first followers of Jesus, and that we then held lands in Bashan which we hold now. We had a Gospel once in our district where there was some allusion to this, and being written by neighbours, and probably at the time, I dare say, it was accurate; but the Western Churches declared our Gospel was not authentic, though why I cannot tell, and they succeeded in extirpating it." Here is a hint which M. Renan may turn to account.

Lothair returns, we are told, a wiser and sadder man; and the proof of it is that he converses on the old footing with the Cardinal, half assents to the proposal that he should attend the Ecumenical Council, and renews his coquetry with Rome and Miss Arundel, whom he would have married after all had she not suddenly and unaccountably taken the veil. He had ordered a crucifix, "the cross to be of choice emeralds, which I am told are now more precious than brilliants;" and Mr. Ruby had let out before the Duchess and Lady Corisande that it was "a present to a young lady, Miss Arandel."

Lothair called at Crecy House. The hall porter was not sure whether the Duchess was at home, and the groom of the chambers went to see. Lothair had never experienced this form. When the groom of the chambers came down again, he gave her Grace's compliments, but she had a headache, and was obliged to lie down, and was sorry she could not see Lothair, who went away livid.

All is made straight at last; and then, No 1 (Theodora) being dead, and No. 2 (Clare) being cloistered, he proposes to Corisande:

"I know the world now. I have committed many mistakes, doubtless many follies; have formed many opinions, and have changed many opinions; but to one I have been constant, in one I am unchanged, and that is my adoring love to you."

She turned pale, she stopped, then gently taking his arm, she hid her face in his breast.

Mr. Disraeli has odd notions of constancy in both love and politics. He would say with the Frenchman when convicted of repeated infidelities by his mistress, "*Mon Dieu, je change d'objet, mais la passion reste.*" Profess attachment to many women, many creeds, many opinions, many sets of principles, before you fix definitively on a party, a religion, or a wife. This must be the meaning of the motto: *Nosce omnia hæc salus est adolescentulis*. It is good for the ingenuous youth of England to know all these things.

When a book was praised in Dr. Johnson's hearing, he was wont to ask, "Did you read it through?" A single conscientious perusal (without skipping) of "Lothair," would be a creditable feat: few will voluntarily attempt a second; which, Mr. Disraeli may say, is no more than the Doctor said of "Paradise Lost." *Punch* sentenced a noble author guilty of plagiarism to four months' hard reading of the *Morning Herald*. Now that the *Morning Herald* is no more, we would suggest the substitution of "Lothair" for a shorter period; a month would be enough for the most hardened offender. Nothing is more wearisome than a collection of shams when the gloss of novelty has been rubbed off, or than the pitiless repetition of inflated platitudes. Well may St. Aldegonde remark of the conversation at the consular divan: "It is the smoking-room over again." Mr. Disraeli airs his opinions like Mr. Ruby his pearls, but they are not similarly freshened by frequent ventilation. His style is sadly deteriorated: we miss throughout the idiomatic English of "Coningsby;" whilst the profusion of tawdry ornaments and meretricious imagery suggests the antiquated coquette laying on a double quantity of rouge to replace the lost bloom of youth. Even his

grammar and syntax are far from unexceptionable.

If the author had any serious object in view, it is an indefensible one: to foster a popular prejudice, to co-operate with Mr. Whalley and Mr. Newdegate. He prides himself on having written the Jews into fashion; he now threatens to write the High Church Ritualists and English Romanists *out*. But with their rank and wealth, their high social distinction, their intellectual and material resources, they can afford to laugh at him, and they have certainly nothing to fear from a book which offends against the best established rules of conventional propriety and the recognized principles of art. The strongest censure of it is implied in the general demand for a key. The intrusions of the press into the domain of private life, under the thin veil of a pseudonym, is one of the most crying of our social evils; and here is an ex-Premier, the head of a great party, encouraging it by his example and authority.

How pleasant for a bishop when he receives a distinguished guest at his episcopal residence, between his chaplain and an archdeacon, to reflect that they

all three may be sitting for a caricature. How agreeable for a young marquis, go where he will, to feel inquisitive and comparing eyes fixed upon him and catch the circling whisper, "That is Lothair."

"High life finds its privacy broken,
We learn all its ins and its outs,
The very small talk that is spoken
By very great people at routs."

Will the conversation at Crecy House flow more easily under the suspicion that it may wander into print?

The religious world has no less reason to cry out than the fashionable world, for the ground common to all denominations of Christianity has been profaned by the irreverent treatment of the Sacrament and many light allusions to cherished articles of faith. The common sense, if not the moral sense, of most right-minded people will be revolted by the mystifications; so that, whilst fully admitting that the production of such a work is a literary exploit of no common order, we have no hesitation in declaring it to be, in every point of view, socially, morally, politically and artistically, a mistake.